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CALL TO THE BIRDS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Up from the river reed's,
Out from your bushy beds,
Oh, my brown eyes;
All, as the rosy light
Flows in across the night—
So my heart cries.

Up from the grassy spray,
Out from your nests of clay,
Eastway or West;
All, with the speckles red,
Gaily that overspread
Plump back and breast.

Up, up and fly to me,
Feed me with melody
Sweet, pure and high—
Blue cap and yellow cap,
White wing and amber tip,
This is my cry.

Now the full day is born,
And with his golden horn
Thrust high and higher,
Comes the grand king of day,
Kindling the clouds so gray
All into fire.

Over the bar of sand,
Over the clover land,
Over the hills;
Rise up and fly to me,
Sing out of memory
All my life's ills.

Come sweet and solemn note,
Come fair and speckled throat,
Come large and small,
Brown bill and ruby bill,
Ah, my heart holdeth still
Room for you all.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

CHAPTER III.

FOUR years ago, at the time of Lady Egerton's murder, there was living in Brightstone, in the little street by St. Catherine's church, an honest greengrocer named Samuel Warren; but his house was empty now, for Sam had found that other and larger greengrocers, who had capital, carried off his little business, and Sam wisely cast in his mind the utility of removing to some place were there was less competition. The first thing was to find such a place; and one morning Sam said to his next door neighbor, a working clock maker and jeweller, "Brown, I'm going to leave Brightstone."

"What for?" said Brown, withdrawing his pipe. "I am sorry, for you're a jolly neighbor. Says I to my old woman, 'Nancy,' says I, 'Sam Warren's the nicest chap I've knowed this long while.'"

"Thank ye," said Sam. "You see I must go, or the lean wolf, as they say, will be at my door. There's too many in my line set up here—flashy chaps, who've got more tin to go upon; and as 'a shilling always beats a groat,' you know, Brown, I must go to some place where there's less people in my line."

"And have you heard tell o'such a place yet?" asked Brown.

"No," replied Sam. "I must look about."

"Well, why don't you try Falcontower, up on the north coast, where that 'ere old castle is as belongs to the Egertons," said Brown. "I'm a Falcontower man, you know."

"Are you?" said Sam. "But it's quite a town, isn't it?"

"Yes. P'r'aps rather larger than will suit your ticket," replied Brown. "Try Forest Moor. I was there a short while, and it's a very decent little sort o' place, and there ain't any regular greengrocer in it."

"Well, but look here. Joe," said Sam, sticking his hands in his pockets, "at t'other place there's a castle—now if I could get the custom there——"

"Ay, but you can't," said Brown, "'cause as how there's orchards and kitchen gardens and all so that everything's grow'd in the grounds. Why, the head gardener there has a tidy berth, I promise you. No—Forest Moor's the best, though the people at The Grange didn't used to keep any company, or live handsome like. But you see it's one o'those quiet, pretty little country places where old ladies come who've got nothing to do but buy things and spend their tin. Now ye see t'other place—Falcontower—it's a sea side place, and to be sure lots go there; but then they're tip-top, ones, who like fine shops."

"Forest Moor for me, then," said Sam Warren. "I'll go there and find myself a shop."

Sam turned into his house, but a fortnight after he turned out; and when we again see him he is "located" in a nice shop near the railway bridge at Forest Moor, of which place we shall hear more.

As a new arrival, of course Sam knew nothing of the place or its inhabitants, and therefore it is we find his wife standing one evening at the door, gossiping with a laundress who lived near them, and who was rejoiced at having some one to tell all the news to.

"Well, ye see," she was saying, "this warn't much of a place till twenty years ago, when the man as has got The Grange up yonder, made the railway people build a station here in some way, and then other people saw as it was a nice place, they built more, and now it's quite a large village."

"Is that it?" asked Mrs Warren. "But who owns The Grange, then?"

"That's it," was the reply, "on the other side of the river, not far off o' the new bridge. I've lived here, girl and woman, this forty years come next Christmas, and I remember The Grange when the old family had it. Ah! it was different, then. The Surreys wor a fine set, but this man ——"

"Ain't this gentleman one of them, then?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"Lawks, Missis Warren, he ain't a real gentleman, this chap ain't. He ain't never got a civil word for us poor folks; and the good old squire. Mr. Herbert Surrey, always had a kind word for all; but he wor very hard on his son—his only one, too. It's more'n thirty years back when young Mr. Armitage (that wor his mother's name) come of age, and then he must need marry a village girl who warn't noways his equal; and his father tuk it bad, as well he might; and this Stanfeld was the family lawyer, and I always says that he made mischief. Says I to my son—he's a sodger my son is—'Yes, Bill,' says I, 'you may take my word for it that Stanfeld's made mischief a' purpose.' The young squire tuk his wife She was good enough, but she stuck up to be above her class. Some war born to be high and rich, and some on us poor and humble. The good Book says so; and so I telled Mary Mason (that was the girl he married,) but she wouldn't hear me; though, for all her fine airs, she couldn't make herself a drop o' real high blood. Well, they went off to Injee, so I've heern tell, but nobody ever heern nothink of 'em again, and they said he and her both died there. May be though as how Stanfeld could tell more o' that if he chosed too. The old squire died soon arter, and then somehow this lawyer, Stanfeld, got hold o' The Grange, and many years ago he come to live here."

"Dear—how sad!" said Mrs. Warren; "and has he any children?"

"Yes; two of his own and a niece. His wife died four years back in London. His eldest daughter is eighteen, and his second is sixteen. She and his niece be at school far off here, but Miss Eveline nearly two years ago was married here to a Mr. Arthur Vivian, the wickedest looking chap as I ever set eyes on. She lives at The Grange still, but he's hardly ever there. Them's a bad set, them two is at least—Stanfeld and Mr. Vivian—but Lor! don't the little 'un, the niece, give it to her uncle. Forde, the groom, says she's as perky to him as can be; so is the youngest girl, Miss Theresa, t'other one. Mrs. Vivian was allus like her mother, a pretty, quiet, timid thing, quite cowed between her father and husband, and since her baby was born, and died (it only lived ten minutes, for I nursed her) she's never held up her head."

Here Mrs. Warren drew her apron across her eyes. "I lost a baby once," she said, turning away and entering her shop.

The woman looked after her, and a tear rolled down her own rough cheeks, for she, too, had known losses, and not one, but many, for out of eight children only three were living.

CHAPTER IV.

TIME and tide wait for no man," says the adage. Eight years have passed since the death of Lady Egerton, and four years from the time we saw Egerton and his ward starting on their travels. Angelo's political prediction had been verified, for before the three years had fairly passed, he received from his fellow-member for the University the following pithy letter:—

"DEAR EGERTON,—Come home directly. The Whigs have had a defeat, have dissolved, and the writs are out for next week.

"Yours truly,
WILLIAM COURTENEY."

This was received at Bruges, and in less than eight and-forty hours Angelo and Leonora were in England. He was again, and unanimously, returned for Cambridge; but the Whigs did not long save themselves, for another defeat compelled them to resign, and a Conservative Ministry came into office, and with them, though not in the cabinet, Angelo came in again. And this ministry was still in power when we have to introduce the reader to the home of Marion Rochester in Seymour Street.

It was about four o'clock of a January afternoon—a dull, miserable afternoon, with the dusk already beginning to fall. But, by the fire, drooping forwards, sat a fair woman. She was, in reality, thirty two or thirty three, but she looked barely seven-and twenty, partly perhaps from the youthful grace and roundness of her fine form. She was a handsome woman, and no one could look at her without being attracted by her striking beauty and the gentle, firm, and noble face; rich dark chestnut hair shaded a forehead on which truth and purity had set the golden mark of their beauty; but, with all that, it was the eyes that were the most beautiful—dark hazel, bright and clear as truth itself, and with unutterable depths of love and tenderness, but now and then a shade, a shadow as if of sorrow, would sadden them, as if some painful thought or memory had passed like a cloud through her mind and heart; much the same mournful expression that was habitual and lay so deep in the dark grey eyes of Angelo and the black orbs of the young Leonora. Very heavy was their sorrow that had fallen on her; very heavy was her sorrow that fell on them only through her.

Marion sat alone; for only the day before her daughter, or rather step-daughter, had gone back to school. She had sat alone for a long time, but she heard a well-known step without, and as the door opened she rose to meet with outstretched hands an old friend, to whom strange and strong ties bound her—Angelo Egerton.

"This is very kind, Angelo, to spare me some of your busy time," said Marion.

"Are you all alone, dear Marion?" he asked. "Where is Isabel?"

"She went back to school yesterday," was the reply. "Austin's daughter is gone."

"Austin's daughter," he exclaimed; "is she not yours too?"

"Ah, Angelo, yes," she replied; "but I love to call her his child—it binds her closer to him."

"Marion, he has almost broken your heart," said Angelo. "You have not seen his face for many, many years; you know not even if he is alive."

She bent lower, covering her face.

"My sweet sister Marion," he added, "while there is life there is hope. I have seen him—he is alive."

"Seen him!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Angelo, where—when?"

"A short time ago I took Leonora to see some of the Rotterdam boats going. I was talking to a man when she called my attention to a boat just about to start, by saying, 'Angelo, look at that gentleman leaning over the taffrail. I'm sure it's Austin Rochester.' And it was he. He saw me, too, for he bowed"

"Thank God!" murmured the deserted wife, and she was silent for some minutes; then lifting her face, she said, "How could that child remember him? She was only five years old when she saw him."

"Listen, Marion," said Angelo. "She was barely five when I brought her from Spain; yet, two years ago, when we were in Madrid, she called me to the window one day, by exclaiming, 'Angelo, look at that priest in the street. It is Padre D'Alvarez. I saw his face.' He had been her father's confessor. So don't wonder at her remembering Austin any more."

"Speak to me now, Angelo, of yourself and yours," said Marion. "I saw my cousin, William Courtenay, the other day, and he was telling me of some bill you are filing against a Mr. Stanfeld, on behalf of that boy you took up four years ago. Tell me about it," she said, with the restlessness of a mind trying to escape thought, and Angelo yielded to it.

"It is a long story," said he. "I am filing the bill against a trustee on behalf of Surrey—who is still under age—to get the Court to remove this trustee, who has been guilty of a gross breach of trust, which should in fact be felony. Nearly forty years ago the grandfather of my ward, a Mr. Herbert Surrey, owned an estate called Forest Moor, which is worth £30,000, and he had one son, Armitage. He had also a friend, his solicitor, rejoicing in the name of Stephen Stanfeld, whose subsequent conduct shows him to be a deep villian. Just after coming of age, Armitage Surrey committed a most foolish mad-brained act, which has entailed all this on his child; he fell in love—as the cant phrase goes—with a village maid, one of those infatuations that generally end in misery, and it did in her case. He married this girl, upon which his father, the squire, sent him just $1,000, and from that time disowned him—utterly and entirely, refusing all communication to or from his son."

"What did he do, then?" asked Marion.

"Well, he had been intended for the Indian army," said Angelo, "and when his father disowned him he took his wife and sailed at once for India, entering the army. But he seems to have been as proud and haughty as the squire, and he never made the slightest attempt at reconciliation—never wrote a single line, or even mentioned to any one in India whose son he was. Nor did the death of his wife, five years after, make any difference in his conduct. He trusted to the friend and solicitor, Stanfeld, to inform him if his father died, utterly neglecting to make any inquiries himself, and thus neglected his affairs up to the time of his death.

"Twenty years ago he married again, a lady, by name Gertrude Norman, by whom he had one son, Walter Norman, my ward; but Arthur died at the age of forty seven, twenty-six years after leaving England. Meanwhile, in England, the old squire lived only five years and a half, leaving a will, by which he devised the estate to Stanfeld and another in trust, for his son for life, and after his death to his heirs male. Stanfeld and his co trustee proved the will, but, almost immediately after, the latter died. Stanfeld took possession of the estate, but he never wrote to India, and though it was easy to do so, he never made the slightest attempt to find Armitage or to communicate with him."

"But how do you know that?" asked Marion.

"Well, my dear Marion, because if he had, Armitage must have heard from him in some way or other; but that wasn't Stanfeld's game; he took possession of Forest Moor, and twenty clear years passed without any claim being made on the estate by him. Seymour, my solicitor, finds on in-

quiry, that many years ago he went openly to live at Forest Moor."

"What became of Armitage's widow and son?" asked Marion.

"Well, when Armitage died, his child was only six years old," replied Egerton; "but Mrs Rochester assigned nearly all her pension to trustees to pay the debts her husband had left, and came to England with her child, where, as an artist, she managed to support herself and him in great penury. About six years ago she died, and four years back I came across her son as errand boy to Everard of Bond street."

"And he a gentleman's son!" said Marion.

"Yes," said Egerton; "the rest you know. And now I file the bill to remove Stanfeld for breach of trust, and to have myself appointed guardian and trustee; and, moreover, to ask for an account for all these thirty three years, during which our very honest opponent has been enjoying his stolen goods. He ought to refund some £40,000."

"No," said Egerton: "but he will have to give up what he has, and pass through the Insolvent Court; and probably the very estate is neglected. So much for Colonel Surrey's culpable behavior."

"What sort of a boy is his son?" asked Marion.

"At present all I could wish," replied Angelo; "but he has as yet hardly been tried. I must in another year put him to the test, and throw him into the London world."

"Angelo, you are a severe man," said Marion, "Have a care, for the ordeal is a trying one; and few can pass it scathless, as you and Julian did. Tom was put through the ordeal, and fell."

"Walter will never fall as Tom did," said Angelo; "and Walter will have my watchful eye and ready hand. He must stand his trial, and learn his lesson as others do; for if he cannot rely on himself entirely, he can never go through life. I am looking further for him than he looks for himself?"

And Marion felt that Angelo was right.

CHAPTER V.

LEONORA DE CALDARA was a singular being. From the age of five years she had been under the care of Angelo Egerton. Her father was a Castilian count

With a pedigree reaching direct to the Cid,

but without any property to leave to his child, his estates being entailed on heirs male, and his heir happened to be a fourth or fifth cousin. He had only another relation, a first cousin, Jesuita Maria de Caldara who had very young married an English baronet of birth and rank, Sir Reginald Egerton of Falconstower Castle. Leonora had early lost her own mother, and when she was but five years of age her father died enjoining his confessor to send Leonora to England to her cousin Jesuita, who at that time was a widow, with one child, who had been called after her own father, Angelo. The confessor wrote to Lady Egerton, and in consequence, Angelo, then seven and twenty, went over to Spain and brought the little child away with him to England.

Jesuita was one of those noble-hearted, high-minded beings who inspire in those about them instantly and constantly a love that is devotion. By her son she was almost worshipped and reverenced as some superior being, and Leonora soon learned to love her almost as she did Angelo—not quite for his image was first in her child's heart, or rather her love for the two was different. To Jesuita she gave a child's love, for the gentle lady was a mother to her; but Angelo was to her some superior, higher being, almost worshipped, idolised with a love whose depth and strength, and force were scarcely even known to herself: it was vague, dreamy, undefined, but not the less deep and strong.

She had always been a strange child, keenly observing and thoughtful, coming out at times with remarks so beyond her years as to startle those who heard her, and yet, too, she was a joyous, merry child, full of fun and high spirits. So she was till the age of six years; but then one dark terrible night changed all—a fearful scene of horror and bloodshed which she alone witnessed—and when Angelo, almost broken-hearted lifted the insensible child from the corpse of his ill-fated mother, and bore her away, there were grey hairs in the heavy black tresses which swept over his breast.

From that time she was completely changed—all the beautiful brightness and joyousness of childhood was gone, and she became what we have seen her at ten years old and see her at fourteen—silent, still, and grave; proud and reserved she was by inborn nature: she seemed outwardly cold and almost passionless, but in reality, from the day of the murder watchfully and steadfastly bending every power and force of her mind to one end—that was never for a moment lost sight of—never for one moment swerved from.

Neither had she been brought up like other girls. From the very first Angelo had undertaken the entire charge of teaching her and bringing her up, nor would he bear the notion of parting with her. Even Mrs Rochester could not move him—and the tie between them was no common one either.

"No, Marion," he had answered, gently but firmly, "I had always intended to keep her and train her myself; and now, more than ever, I adhere to it. To send her now amongst strangers would kill her."

And Marion felt that he was right, and ceased to urge it. Deeply engaged as he was in politics, Egerton always found time to attend to his little charge. He taught her Latin, Italian and French, the two last principally as the Russians do—by talking to her in those languages, in which, as we have seen, he perfected her by taking her to the countries themselves. All the sterner studies and reading he gave her; and in the gifted and high intellect of the child he had rich ground to work upon. He did more than teach her—he trained that fine intellect and nature to almost masculine strength and self control—a task made easy by the effects of his mother's tearful death; for the terrible shock and grief which had sown gray hairs in her "youth's bright locks," and cast down from its temple her childish joyousness and impetuosity, had put in their place premature years and gravity, and thought, and the one steady purpose of her life, that had been so from that night, made her for that end train and school every impulse and feeling, mental and physical, under the iron hand of her strong will. Thus even at fourteen, her intellect and character had a sternness, strength, and power, almost masculine, and rarely found in women—not always in men. She was a child in some things, in others far beyond her years.

Let it not be thought, however, that Egerton had neglected the accomplishments, for the child had talents that were not to be hidden under a bushel. Himself an amateur musician of a high order, and a passionate lover of music and its sister arts, he had early found that the child was, like himself, a lover of all that was beautiful; and for those arts he gave her the best masters.

When she was fourteen, Marion Rochester again ventured to interfere, on the strength of a friendship which dated back many years, for her first husband had been a close friend of Egerton's.

"Angelo," she said, "you are bringing up your child strangely."

"My dear Marion, is she not all I could wish?" he answered with his grave, almost sad smile.

"To you, who are a man, and a stern one—yes; to me, a woman, no! I do not like to see fourteen years so grave and reserved, caring nothing for the amusement most girls of her age like. Here she has nothing but the society of men older than herself, which she likes best; but is it quite good for her? Throw her more amongst young people, girls."

"Dear Marion," said Egerton; "how am I to do that? You send your Isbel to school but you know schools are my horror."

"Send her, if only for six months, to one" pleaded Marion. "Indeed, Angelo, you are wrong. Nothing can harm her; and if I find a good school——"

"I don't think the one exists where I would send her," said Egerton.

"I have heard of one, where I mean to place Isbel after Christmas," said Marion; "will you see the lady, and if it pleases you, send Leonora.

"I will think over what you have said, dear Marion." It was all she could get from him; but he did think over it. He saw Mrs. Ashton, and resolved that the child should be placed their for six months if the lady would receive her on his own terms, that is, the freedom he should stipulate for. "He was willing to pay anything she liked," he said; but he told her plainly "that his ward was not like other girls of her age; that very painful circumstances in early childhood had had a very sad effect, and that as he sent her principally for companionship, he wished her to have more the freedom of a parlor boarder than a regular pupil, though she was to be thrown amongst the girls; he did not want her favored in the slightest degree. All he meant was that in play hours, for instance she might go out riding with her groom, a man who had been long in his family, and other such liberties not usually accorded to the girls." Mrs Ashton agreed, and so Leonora went to the school, and the old groom, John Wylde, who, like Burns, had grown grey in the Egerton family, went to the village hard by.

* * * * *

A greater contrast there could not well be than the Spanish Leonora and the English Isbel. See them standing together by the shrubbery gate, the rays of the winter sun falling full on them; and say if, personally, they are not a direct contrast. Isbel with her fair complexion and golden tresses, Leonora with her dark face and raven locks, though amongst them the sunlight has found some stray grey hairs here and there, which it plays along like rays of silver light.

Isbel was just seventeen, but not so tall by some inches as the Castilian, though she was slight and graceful, and her beauty was enhanced by the quick, sometimes fiery impetuosity of look and gesture, natural and pleasing in youth, and which, unfortunately had been replaced in Leonora by a gravity and calmness unnatural and even painful to see in so young a girl. Isbel's skin had in childhood been dazzlingly fair, but

The sun with ardent frown
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown.

In plain English, she was a little bit tanned as you could see by lifting her rich hair, golden in the light, deep brown in the shade and exposing her white temples. Her face was one which, for beauty of feature alone would have pleased any sculptor or painter, and for beauty of expression would have made you look again and again at her with irresistible fascination, for there was a world of thought and feeling in the deep dark blue eyes, and intellect on the broad noble brow, that charm about the whole face, which immediately attracted.

She was speaking as she leant over the gate to pull a leaf of laurel.

"So you don't think you shall like school, Leonora," she said.

"A month is hardly enough to judge in," said the Spaniard.

"I wish you would speak out, you tire some child," said Isbel. "How do you like Mrs. Ashton and the girls, then?"

"Well enough at present," was the guarded answer, from a habit of so speaking.

"There you are again, said Isbel.

"A word is enough to the wise," said Leonora, half smiling.

"Proverb for proverb, Senora," said Isbel gaily. 'Beware of the silent man, and of the dog that does not bark.' Really and seriously, Leonora, how do you like them? What think you of Theresa Stanfeld?

"Very well, I like her very much," replied Leonora. "She is sharp and intelligent, and has such warm feelings; but she is hasty and passionate, and unless she learns to control her impetuous temper, it will be her bane in life!"

"And Margaret Arundell?" said Isbel.

"Better still," replied Leonora, "she is more stable and self controlled; but there seems a cloud over her which I cannot understand in such a young girl."

"Leonore you are a strange creature," said Isbel, dropping the leaf she had plucked; "did it ever strike yourself how queer and old you often talk, as if you numbered thirty instead of fourteen years. What do you know of the world and life?"

"Does length of years always make up the sum of life?" said Leonora, with a grave smile that was the very same as Egerton's "There are many who live twenty years in ten; griefs and troubles add years and bitter knowledge to a life faster than any reckoned days and weeks and months can do, Isbel."

She raised her dark mournful eyes as she spoke, and Isbel said almost passionately, "Leonora, how can you have known such bitter teaching troubles? You, so beloved, with rank, wealth, and beauty, with all that makes life happy and dear!"

"Is all gold that glitters, Isbel?"

Tears filled Isbel's tender, earnest blue eyes, but she lifted the heavy braids of the Castilian's hair, and said gently, "Leonora lift your heart upward and find peace and hope; for as silver hairs found their way amongst the darkness of your hair, so will silver light find its way into the darkness of your sorrow."

Leonora made no reply, but her head drooped a little lower, and a heavy tear fell on her companion's hand.

There was a long silence. Leonora's eyes were fixed dreamingly on the far-off distance, but looming as in a vision through a distance of time, for with a mournful cadence to her heart—

Other days came back to her with recollected music.

"Leonora, where are your thoughts?" whispered Isbel, softly.

"Far, far away in years that can never be recalled—that can never, never return," answered the child drearily.

There was another long silence, but broken this time by other voices; the bushes near were pushed aside, and Theresa Stanfeld and Margaret Arundel stood before Isbel and the Castilian.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed the impetuous Theresa, bounding forwards. "We want your opinion. Don't you like the preaching of the new curate of Yellowfield the Rev. Cuthbert St. John?"

"No," said Isbel Rochester.

"I don t like him or anything about him," said Leonora de Caldara, decidedly.

"I'm sure his sermon was splendid," remarked Margaret.

"Fine oratory—yes," returned the Castilian, drily.

"And do you think that a fault?" exclaimed Theresa, warmly; 'do you think all the good oratory should be kept for the House of Commons?"

"Mere oratory is better there than in the pulpit," returned Leonora, in her quiet way, and by no means moved by the other's impetuosity.

"I'll tell you what, Senora, you are excessively impudent," said Theresa, laughing, "but it's anything but warm here, and——"

"There is the dinner-bell ringing," added Margaret Arundel.

"And there is the postman going up the carriage drive," said Leonora de Caldara, and the next moment she had sprung across the intervening grass, clearing at a flying leap several bushes in the way, and stood before the postman. "Any for me, postman?" she asked.

"Well, miss, I don't know but what there is," said the old man; "let's see; are you Miss de Caldara?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then here you are, miss," said the postman; "and here's a heap of others, too."

"I'll deliver them all; good morning," said Leonora. And, taking the letters, she sprang over a holly bush and disappeared. Her own letter she saw was from Angelo Egerton.

The Rev. Cuthbert St. John, to whom allusion had been made, was the brother of Colonel St. John, an old friend of Egerton's and son of the Lady Alice already mentioned. The brothers were necessarily much separated by their professions; and the sudden arrival of the gallant officer at the parsonage was an equally agreeable and sudden surprise to the rather straight-laced High Church clergyman. His errand was partly to attend a grand ball given by a Mrs. Melville, an old friend of more than one of the families playing important parts in this history, on her son's coming of age; and he was moreover, charged by Sir Angelo with a mission to his fair ward, and niece Isbel, who were also invited to the ball, and he had no sooner exchanged brotherly greetings with Cuthbert and taken some refreshment, than he set out for Mrs. Ashton's to perform his errand.

CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS half past five when Colonel St. John jumped out of the fly he had taken on his way, and rang at the bell of Ashton House. To his inquiry whether Mrs. Ashton was at home, he was told yes, and shown into the same apartment that Margaret had been, where he was left alone while the servent took his card up.

In a few minutes Mrs. Ashton entered the apartment and advanced, but Colonel St. John spoke first.

"Have I the honor, madam, of addressing Mrs. Ashton?"

"I am Mrs. Ashton, sir," she returned in her quiet graceful manner; "but I believe the name of St. John is unknown to me."

"Allow me, then," he said, smiling, "to introduce myself as the brother of your new incumbent at Yellowfield, and here now as the messenger of Mrs. Rochester and Sir Angelo Egerton, commissioned to carry away two of your charges. This will explain it." And he handed her a letter.

"Thank you. Will you excuse me?" And she broke it open.

It was from Marion Rochester, simply saying that she and Sir Angelo Egerton would esteem it a great favor if she would allow her daughter Isbel and Leonora de Caldara to return with Colonel St. John to the manor house, there to remain the following day and night for a ball to be given there. She added certain feminine details relative to ball-dresses, etc., which not being likely to interest the reader, we will mercifully leave out.

Mrs. Ashton laid down the letter and said "I shall be most happy to comply with the request by placing the young ladies immediately in your care."

"I am old friend, you know, Mrs. Ashton" said the colonel. "I have seen Mrs. Rochester three or four times, and Leonora I have many a time carried in my arms. But I have not seen her now for four years. Would you allow me to see her before we leave, as I have a packet to deliver to her from her guardian, but only say a gentleman wishes to see her."

"I will send her directly," answered the lady, inwardly smiling as she retired at the idea of "little Leonora," it being evident that the colonel expected to find the little child he had left. He heard no footfall without, but presently the door opened softly, and a tall dark slender form stood there.

"It's Louis St. John!" burst in joyful surprise from her lips, and in a second she had sprung forward and clasped his hand in both hers.

"Is it possible!" began the astonished Louis. "Is this really Leonora? Why, I left a child, and I find a tall girl."

"The same Leonora in heart," she said, smiling.

"I am glad to see my favorite again. I am very glad to see you again, Leonora," he said with strange earnestness; "let me look at your face."

He laid his hands on her shoulders, and turned her towards the light, gazing into the dark tender eyes, which met his with such truthful childlike innocence and affection. When he had quitted England four years before, he had left a child of ten years and when he bade her farewell, he had drawn her to his breast and held her in his arms, and kissed her lips and eyes. Why could not he do so now—was it merely that she had grown so tall, or that her silk dress swept the ground? No, it was something that lay deeper than that, something that, man of the world as he was, he could not define, scarcely even feel as a distinctive feeling, but rather as an instinctive impulse; it was not that she seemed to him a woman or "grown up," for she did not; but she was not the little child he had left—it was a strange vague indefinite feeling that had shot through his breast when his eyes met hers. He bent down and gravely kissed the broad high brow.

"You are changed, Leonora," said he, "and yet withal—

Thou art still the same.

and the same heart I can see. But here is a packet from Egerton."

"From Angelo!" she exclaimed.

It was strange to see how eye and lip lighted up at his very name, and shed a beauty over that young face that was almost more than earthly; it was—

The light of love, the purity of grace,
* * the music breathing o'er her face,

"I stand on no ceremony with you Senor Don Luis," she said, smiling, as she opened the packet, which contained a smaller one and a letter. It was short, and was as follows, for Angelo rarely wrote long letters:

"DEAR LEONORA—St. John will explain to you, all about this ball at Mrs. Melville's. You remember him dining with me last autumn. Not being able to leave town myself, I told St. John (if you don't dislike) to take you there as my substitute. So remember to make all excuses for me. I have sent you a little present, lest amid so gay a crowd my darling should forget.

"ANGELO R. EGERTON."

"He wishes me to go with you," she said, "and says you will explain all."

He did so, and then she opened the little parcel. It was a small jewel box, and in it reposed a beautiful bracelet, made of coal-black hair, with a gold clasp set with diamonds, and engraved on the inside with Angelo's crest and motto, a cross and sword bound with cypress and palm, and underneath in small characters the words, "Faithful to the Death." It was his hair she knew and a bright smile crossed her face as she shewed it to Louis, and then replaced it.

"I must go and dress," she said, "and fetch Isbel."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT THE SUN MISSED.

Before the first ray of blushing day,
Who should come by but Kitty Chan,
With her cheek like the rose on a bed of snows,
And her bosom beneath like the sailing swan,
I looked and looked, till my heart was gone.

With the foot of a fawn she crossed the lawn,
Half confiding and half in fear;
And her eyes of blue, they thrilled me through,
One blessed minute, then like the deer
Away she darted and left me here.

Oh! Sun, you are late at your golden gate,
For you've nothing to show beneath the sky
To compare to the lass who crossed the grass
Of the shamrock field ere the dew was dry,
And the glance that she gave me as she went by.

My First Visit to a Kindergarten.

IN my first visit to the Kindergarten I was struck with the totally different aspect which this room presented to the one, barren and cheerless, into which *I* first entered as an aspirant to learning. Into this spacious, airy room the bright morning sun was shining through the large uncurtained windows, smiling a greeting upon its old friends of the summer before—the birds-nests, mosses, berries and bright autumn leaves; and the gay little fishes were swimming silently round in their glass houses. In a case upon the wall were displayed some of the works of childish fingers in the Kindergarten, and there were pots of blooming flowers, and hanging-baskets, filled with plants and trailing vines in such a state of luxuriant growth that it established in my mind the truth of the saying, that "Music, laughter and song are active agents in promoting the growth and blooming of plants." But above all was the peculiarly pleasant impression made by the sight of the perfect adaptation of the furniture to the comfort and size of the little ones. As I looked upon the narrow, beautifully-finished table, with its top marked off into square inches, and so arranged as to make three sides of a hollow square, with its row of staid-looking baby camp chairs arranged around its outer side in the nicest precision, my mind reverted to the days of *my* early childhood when I, with many other unfortunates, was doomed to spend a goodly portion of each day in making frantic endeavors to touch my toes to the floor while retaining an upright position, and preserving my equilibrium. In those days exhausted nature often found relief in the swaying back and forth of the tired little feet, keeping time, in the words of Edgar A. Poe, in a sort of Runic rhyme to the tintinnabulation of the bells! bells! bells! the bells in this instance being c-a-t—cat; two times two make four, etc, and the energetic working of the brain often gave additional energy to the heels, and brought them into sudden contact, with a bang, upon some surrounding object, and the nerves of the teacher as well. But here, in this "paradise for children," they can sit down comfortably, their busy feet resting upon the floor; and thro' this sense of comfort and ease of body, they get complete possession of themselves *physically*, which renders them graceful and easy in manner, and at the same time, leaves them free for the exercise of mind and heart. For we have learned that the aim of the Kindergarten is to strengthen the child's physical nature, train his senses, and to employ his mind; to make him acquainted with nature and with his fellow men; to guide his heart and soul aright and lead him to the Origin of *all* life and into union with *Him*. Two of the truths most constantly presented in observations in the Kindergarten are: first, the varied and manifold ways taken to develop the child's three-fold nature; and secondly, the importance, practically illustrated, of "*Self activity*" which constitutes the first principle of Froebel's method. Those whose eyes have been opened, see and rejoice that upon this *rock* of *truth* there has been established the basis for a *new* and *true* education. To those whose eyes are still closed the games, songs, and occupations seem but a means of entertainment and amusement to the children.

There is nothing in the Kindergarten which does not mean something, or that is unimportant. From the time the little one comes into the room with its polite bow and pleasant words of salutation, its body, brain, and heart are continually in action, and by the teacher's faithfulness and wisdom, that action is rightly directed—and that, thro' the child's most natural and sweetest impulse — the impulse of play.

No exercise or occupation continues long enough to weary *any* of its powers. While standing in a ring the day is begun by the relation of some incident which occured the day before. Each child is listened to by teacher and playmates with the deepest interest, and reioiced or sympathized with as occasion, or the evident feeling of the infant reporter, seems to demand. One little girl challenged and received praise for great courage, because she had had her tooth pulled and "had not cried, or been a bit afraid." Another more timid child was drawn tenderly out by the teacher, and his simple statement—that he had been out walking and had seen a horse—furnished matter for an animated and, to me, instructive discussion about horses. How many ferent kinds they had seen was counted: one had seen a black one, another a spotted, another a bay horse; and the joyous expression in the face of the little child who could explain to the others, all eagerly willing to listen, what color a *bay* horse was, was really a charming lesson in itself.

This exercise brings out in a noticeable degree the peculiar disposition and individual characteristics of each child. The frank outspoken child,—who knows no fear, possesses a vivid imagination, and an impressionable nature, the gift of language and the strong desire of childhood to be constantly *giving out*—learns a lesson of unselfishness, self-control, patience and politeness (the latter only existing as an outgrowth of unselfishness and kindness of heart) in restraining his own desire to talk, while listening to some shy, retiring little one whose modest voice would rarely, if ever, be heard in play, were it not for the care and watchfulness of the teacher, who inspires it with a needed confidence in itself. Thus one who is living the life, entering into the nature and impulses, and *feeling the needs*, not only of *one child*, but of each one of many, becomes the *connecting link* which is to blend these strongly contrasting personalities into a perfectly harmonious whole—a miniature world—where each begins early to learn the lesson that every one is a link in the chain of humanity—and to forget self in trying to "do unto others what he would have others do unto him."

Standing in the ring, the young voices joined gladly in singing "Happy every morning when the hour comes round," and "equal measure gives us pleasure," keeping time by merrily shaking hands and dancing in childish abandon of intense enjoyment, thereby giving the needful exercise for physical development, and acquiring strength and grace; their emotional natures finding nourishment in the words and music, and their hearts beating in unison with the sentiments they utter; seeing which one cannot but feel that Froebel did indeed "enter into the childish instinct of play."

To the spirited music of the marching song "left—right," marking time with feet and the clapping of tiny hands, they were soon quietly seated in their chairs, waiting to receive the material for occupation. The little girl selected by the teacher, took the mat and with chubby finger pointed to and considered well the precise spot on which to place it—thus unconsciously training the eye to measure distances accurately. The importance and responsibility of the position gave a certain dignity of bearing, while she practically learned to consider others before herself by serving all the other children first. As the card pricking was the special occupation, the needles were next given out and soon all were busily engaged in *work* with hands, brain, and heart. For don't it require skill and steadiness to stick the needle in just that particular place? And don't the brain unconsciously work in considering this horizontal line, or that vertical one, or the slanting line? And is not the heart full of love and hope, while the brain is wondering what papa or mamma, or some one of whose sympathies the child is sure—will say when they receive this present? The children in this are first *led*, as in every game and occupation, and then allowed to invent figures and pictures of their own; thus giving the imagination full scope and demonstrating the child's inner world by outer manifestations, by real productions or creations. Games followed; and among others the imitation game, when the children successively enter the ring to act as leader, the others imitating his actions and all singing, "Look at little Harry (Willie or whatever the name may be) who shows us the game, look at little Harry and all do the same." This game exercises the muscles of hands, arms and limbs, and keeps the mind busy by rendering each action symbolical of some living creature. The ball game was played, each child taking turn in tossing and bouncing it, while singing "The ball comes round to meet me, My ball I want to catch you," and in this learning dexterity of hand, counting, size and many other things.

The time passed quickly, and they were now ready for luncheon.

When as before some one child, perhaps the youngest one, or one who did not feel quite well, was chosen to place each tiny basket before its owner on an oil cloth napkin which had been previously arranged upon the table, the utmost good humor prevailed and in social enjoyment and merry talk and laughter the children ate their plain food and fruit, the Kindergartner only a "child of larger growth" moving among them with apron on and knife in hand, ready to pare apples and prepare oranges, and to receive in return for each service a quiet thank you! In this way habits of propriety at table are acquired. Taste, neatness and good manners are inculcated, and gluttony, selfishness and careless haste can have no growth. I remarked one little boy who seemed to have an unfortunate habit of scattering his food in crumbs on the floor about him. When at the request of the teacher he began to pick them up, a manly little fellow of about five years of age went voluntarily and quietly to his assistance in the most amusing, matter-of-fact way. I could not help thinking that here was a little one, who, when the good seed now being planted in his soul should come to the full season of manhood, would be one of the few who would require no urging to hold out a helping hand to a "worn and weary brother, pulling hard against the stream."

Then followed one of the gifts. The purpose of these seems to be to train the children to analyze, to pull to pieces and see the inside, and to proceed in a simple way from the concrete to the abstract. They are constantly analyzing and separating into parts, and then going back to the whole; then building these parts into new constructions, their own creations, and thus step by step learning to become thinkers; and as they follow the directions of the teacher they practically make use of what they know by doing it, and when the happy moment arrives for them to make just what they please, their delight is unbounded, and their activity in invention is exercised by reproducing some object, as a church, boat, or monument. One little boy built a boat and said its name was on it—"Kinder Garten." Oftentimes their imagination leads them to see resemblances beyond the reach of our older vision. At the expiration of the time allotted to the "gift"—a time short enough to leave them possessed with a still lively interest in it, and to have occasioned no sense of fatigue—they joined again in their plays, singing. "We open the pigeon-house again," two of the little ones flying around the room with a bird-like movement; and when they had returned home again to the middle of the ring the Kindergartner asked them where they had been and what they had seen, calling forth all sorts of child-like answers. They played a number of these games, which are an important feature in each day's programme.

A pretty and effective closing scene to the morning spent in such a happy social way among children of the same age, was the serious manner in which a child entered the circle and, amid perfect silence, crooked the baby forefinger and beckoned to its side, some favorite playmate, with whom a quick cordial hand-shake was performed, and a stately bow made, who then retired to give the others an opportunity to go thro' the same grave ceremony, till each in turn had entered the charmed ring and made its farewell for the day.

A youngster at a Keokuk residence where a dancing party was being held, was taken off to bed while the festivities were still in progress. He went through with his usual devotions, but his mind was more on the music than it was on heavenly things. The consequence was that he got the two mixed, and wound up his prayer rather hastily with, "God bless me and let me hear zees fiddlers. Amen."

A farm hand who was recently killed by the cars at Evanston, Ill., was identified as Josiah Hill, of South Bend, Ind., whose wife and daughter were much broken down by the news. Several days later Mrs. Hill went to the farm for her husband's effects, when she found him quietly at work in the barnyard. She fainted, and could with difficulty be induced to believe that it was a very strange case of mistaken identity. As for Hill himself, this was the first he had heard of his own death.

Georgia has 1,200 convicts.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A VARIED BUSINESS.—In Paris, a certain Monsieur Kenard announces himself as "a public scribe, who digests accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

CHINESE REMEDIES.—Among Chinese medicaments are stag's horn for bronchitis and rheumatism, dried fowls' gizzards for indigestion, the dried larvæ of grasshoppers for headache, and a decoction of donkey's skin, which is considered infallible for consumption.

DOGS IN WAR.—The phrase "dogs of war" is literal as well as figurative. Cæsar employed them in his army, and so did some of the wild tribes which the Romans fought. When Marius, the Roman general, defeated the Cimbri, the dogs and the woman defended their baggage so savagely that he was forced to fight another battle in order to get possession of it. The dogs thus employed were very savage, and not only pursued the fugitives of defeated armies, but were sent after deserters.

THE HOLLY TREE.—The holly tree is called "Christ's thorn" in Germany and Scandinavia, from its putting forth its berries at the supposed period of the year when Christ was born, and from its time honored use in decorating churches. The tree, according to a certain legend, was that in which the Almighty revealed Himself to Moses in a flame of fire, by which it was not consumed. Likewise, it was supposed to have formed the wood of the cross on which our Lord was crucified.

A BIRD THAT TURNS SOMERSAULTS.—There is a pretty little bird that lives in China, called the Fork-tailed Parus. He is about as big as a robin, and has a red beak, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail, and red and yellow wings. But this bird has a trick known by no others. Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on a perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping.

JEWS AND PORCELAIN.—In the eighteenth century the laws of Prussia required that every wealthy Jew who married should buy his porcelain at the royal manufactory. The director often took the money and made his own selection of pieces to be given in exchange. Moses Mendelssohn, although celebrated as a philosophical thinker and writer, was obliged to submit to the law, and he received forty porcelain apes, of life size. Some of them are still preserved in the Mendelssohn family. This method of using conscience for the development of ceramic art was established during the reign of Frederick the Great, the philosophical King.

VARIOUS USES OF PAPER.—The articles made of paper now comprise the roof, ceilings, cornices, and interior walls of houses, the exterior walls of which are of pine wood, but all the furniture, blinds, curtains, chandeliers, carpeting, ornamental doors, mantel and table ornaments, of paper, including a stove made of asbestos paper, in which a fire will burn cheerfully. There are also exhibited wash basins, water cans, a full rigged ship, lanterns, hats, shirts, full suits of clothes and underclothing, straps, handkerchiefs, napkins, bath tubs, buckets, bronzes, flowers, urns, jewelry, belting, and animals, both for ornament and for toys.

A PECULIAR NEWSPAPER.—London has a large weekly newspaper, called the *Obituary*, devoted, as its title shows, to obituary and mortuary proceedings. It has an immense circulation and columns of splendid advertisements. Undertakers, who get up funerals in every variety, cremationists embalmers, vault makers, and grave diggers, all have their columns, while the makers of humble tombstones, and the sculptors of gorgeous monuments are ready to decorate the last home of man. Crape makers, manufacturers of all sorts of funeral appliances, and especially mourning mantua makers, claim the attention of the afflicted in their special advertisements. Wills of distinguished individuals are given, and lost wills advertised; the cards of attorneys drilled in wills is a portion of its patronage.

A BERLIN BILL OF FARE.—Some of the dishes of a Berlin restaurant:—Beef tea with balls of marrow, eggs, and bread crumbs and small pieces. Pike and spinach, covered with moist sugar. Veal, cooked in oil and sprinkled with bread crumbs, surmounted by a sardine; on one side of the dish a pickle, with moist sugar; on the other a lettuce leaf; at one end a piece of lemon and at the other a crawfish's claw, all swimming in a thick, brown gravy. Goose, stuffed with pounded chestnuts, prunes, apples, calf's liver, onions, eggs and spice. Eels and carp are served with beer sauce; beer soup is in much request, and beef stewed in beer and strongly flavored is a favorite dish. There are white and red wines, and the waiter carries adhesive labels in his pocket, which he licks and sticks on the bottle, according to the customer's order.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

BY E. NESBIT.

A young year's freshness in the air,
A spring-tide color to the wood;
The flowers in spring-time most are fair,
And life in spring-time most is good—
For why?—I will not let you hear
Until the summer is a-near.

A summer all of burning lights
With crimson roses, passion-red,
And moonlight for the hot white nights,
And jasmine flowers, sweet, dew-fed.
Why has each rose a double scent?
You may divine when it is spent.

Autumn with shining yellow sheaves,
And garnered fruit; and half regret
To watch the dreary falling leaves
And leaden skies above them set;
And why e'en autumn can seem dear
Perchance you'll guess, when winter's here.

Winter, in wide snow-covered plains,
And drifting sleet, and piercing wind,
That chills the blood within our veins,
But our warm hearts can never find—
Ah, little love, you guess, I know,
What warms our hearts in spite of snow.

INEZ;

—OR,—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I SHALL come earlier to morrow," said the count, "and stay longer. I have much to say to you, Inez. Think of me, beloved, until we meet again."

There was no need to tell her that. When had she ceased to think of him since the evening she had seen him first? Now all her dreams were true, her visions were realized; the handsomest, the bravest, the noblest of cavaliers, loved her. How true and disinterested he must be to love a lonely child, whom all the world had forgotten. She did not see the other side of the picture; it never entered her mind that there was anything dishonorable in stealing the heart and love of a trusting, innocent child, in so coloring and distorting plain honest truths and facts, that what was underhand and deceitful appeared simply romantic—what was wrong seemed right, and even praiseworthy. There are men who can so distort truth—and Count Rinaldo was one of them.

These things never struck Inez. In her passionate love dream all was beautiful and true; her lover was a hero, such as she had read of and dreamed of, but never hoped to see. He loved her as knights of old loved the ladies who crowned them. What mattered to her now the cold English father who had "given her away," or the stern gloomy guardian who knew and cared so little for the longings of a young girl's heart? She was indifferent to all, now her life was full of a golden light.

"I cannot think what has come over that child," said Madame Monteleone to herself. "She grows more lovely every day. I never saw anything like those eyes; something must be done. She cannot remain buried here. I will wait two months longer, and then, if I am no better, I will write to Lord Lynne."

Those two months spoiled the life of Inez Lynne.

On the morning Count Rinaldo came. He had so much to say. First of all there was a pathetic history to be given of his family, the Montaltis of Venice,—how in a political crisis that had happened only twenty years before, when he was a child in his mother's arms, they had lost the whole of their property. It was confiscated, and given to one of their most bitter opponents. The blow had killed his father, and his mother had lived until he was twelve years old. Her small income then became his own, and on that he had subsisted, living always in the hope that some future day his lost possessions would be restored to him. So far, all was true; but here Count Rinaldo diverged from the broad line of truth into a narrow line of fiction.

His friends, he said, were anxious to bring about a marriage between him and the only child and heiress of the man who held his estates, the young and beautiful Veronica di Giotto. Here again truth was interwoven with fiction. Veronica di Giotto really existed; but her father would sooner have seen her dead than married to the son of one whom he considered a traitor and a rebel. Such a marriage, the count said, would ultimately restore him to his proper position. No doubt of his story crossed the young girl's mind.

"And you," she said, looking at him with her shining, love-lit eyes, "you give all this up for me? How much you must love me!"

He clasped her again to his heart, and told her that he loved her better than life itself. Still, had she looked at him, she would have seen doubt and hesitation in his eyes, indecision in the quivering of his hot, dry lips. He hardly dared to broach the subject he had intended to decide this evening.

"Better do it," he thought, "while the tale I have told is fresh and vivid—it is my only chance."

"So you will understand, my beloved," he said, "why I beg your silence, at least for the present. I should be proud to proclaim to all the world that I had won the great treasure of your love. But if it were known just now, it would ruin my cause forever. Those friends who have espoused it would cease to feel any interest in the matter. In another year or two it will not signify. I wish our love to remain a secret; and yet, Inez—my love, my darling—I want you to save me from Veronica di Giotto."

"How can I do that?" she asked, with a smile.

"Bind me fast to yourself," he replied. "When my friends renew the subject, let me have it in my power to say that I am married."

"But that would ruin your prospects," she said, quickly.

"Not in that case," he said. "You must understand, they suppose me to be a stranger to their intentions; if they hear of my approaching marriage, they will interfere to prevent it. If they knew nothing of it until they open these negotiations with me, they cannot feel either surprise or offence if I tell them I am married; they will think of some other way to serve me."

He saw no smile on that beautiful young face; it wore a bewildered, puzzled expression.

"I cannot quite understand you, Count Rinaldo," she said. "You wish our love to be a secret, yet you wish to be married. How can you manage both?"

His answer, whispered in a low voice, brought a bright crimson flush into the proud face, and for some moments she made no reply.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN some parts of his story Count Rinaldo adhered strictly to the truth. The Montaltis were an honorable and noble old Venetian family, and time at had been guilty of what was called rebellion and treason. His estates were confiscated, and given by the Government into the hands of his enemy, the man who had betrayed him.

At his mother's death the count came into possession of her small fortune, and on that he managed to gain the reputation of a gay and gallant man of the world. He had talent of a certain kind. He had no inclination whatever for work of any kind. He played well at cards, and managed every year to making a pleasing addition to his narrow income. To sum up the count in one word, he was a fortune-hunter. He did not intend to make money either by the labor of his hands or by that of his brain. He had a handsome face, a gay and gallant manner, a dignified bearing, and a musical voice. Of these advantages he intended to make the most. There were wealthy heiresses in the world, and he intended to woo and win one.

Yet the count had not been very successful in his love adventures so far. At Naples he had met with a celebrated American heiress. He had felt secure of her, and had already borrowed money on the strength of his prospects, when the lady suddenly gave the preference to a poor English captain, and they were married at Rome. In sheer disgust the count fled from Italy. He next heard that the Donna Maria Fabez, the only child of a rich merchant in Seville, would be ultimately one of the wealthiest heiresses in Spain. He went immediately to Seville; he found the lady in question, no longer young, but amiable and accomplished, and, as a matter of course, surrounded by adorers. Donna Maria showed no signs of preference for the handsome count who devoted himself to her; and while endeavoring to awaken an interest in the heart of the Spanish heiress, he saw and loved Inez Lynne.

Count Montalti was essentially a selfish man. No matter what the cost, he never refused himself the gratification of any wish. Now that for the first time he loved, and loved passionately, he determined that at all risks the beautiful young girl should be wooed and won. He knew that a marrriage with her would ruin all his prospects, for she had no money; but he cared nothing for that. All that Count Rinaldo cared for them, or at any future time, was the gratification of his own selfish wishes.

He had resolved that a private marriage should take place as soon as he could persuade Inez to consent. He asked himself what was to be done after that. A hundred things might happen. He would trust to fate and fortune. The present was worth living for; the future must take care of itself. That he might desert the young girl he had taken such pains to win was just possible. The idea crossed once or twice across his mind; but he dismissed it, as he did every other thought, and dwelt only upon the happiness of winning the lovely, innocent child, who trusted him so implicitly.

It was this reckless, unprincipled, selfish man whom this poor girl intrusted with her love and her life. At first the thought of a secret marriage was distasteful to her proud, high spirit. It was not so, she felt, that the last of the Monteleones should be won; but he knew her generous nature, and appealed to that. He dwelt upon the poetry and romance of their love, growing like a beautiful flower in the shade, unlike the common, vulgar love, that sought the light of day. He appealed to her generosity. She was so young, so child-like in her simplicity, she must be pardoned that she yielded to his fervent prayers, and promised to become his wife in secret.

The count undertook all the arrangements. Inez bribed old Juanita, telling her she was going to spend a long day out in the grounds. A carriage stood waiting a short distance down the road, and no one saw her as she stole from her home.

No one missed the lonely girl. Caterina sat all day in madame's room; Nita, who was supposed to wait upon the young lady, said nothing of her absence. When she returned late in the evening, with a pale, frightened face, no one saw her but Nita, who was waiting for her; she kissed the trembling girl, and made her drink some wine, telling her she had walked too far, and must not go out alone again. In her heart, the old servant deeply pitied the solitary fate and lonely lot of the signorina.

Even while the "glamur" lasted, Inez never liked to remember that day,—the hurried flight, the half-confused ceremony, that bound her forever to Rinaldo, the introduction to her husband's friend, Luigi Carnello, the hasty return. Even the passionate thanks, the loving words, and tender caresses of her husband, did not efface these things from her mind. She was not quite happy; she did not like to remember that she had helped to deceive Madame Monteleone. In after years she could not endure to think how she had been duped and betrayed herself.

For six whole weeks, despite this one shadow, her life was like a dream of romance. Her young husband seemed day by day to adore her more and more. They spent long and happy hours together in the orange grove, where he had first told her of his love. He never ceased to thank her for what he called "her generous sacrifice." Neither of them thought much of their future, or how their ill-starred union would end.

For six weeks Inez drank deeply of the cup of happiness. Day by day she grew fonder of the handsome, kindly man, whose every word seemed like a caress. Only once did she ever ask of the future, and then he told her that, when all need for secrecy was ended, he should go to Madame Monteleone, and claim his bride. It was easy for the skilful, accomplished man of the world to deceive that innocent child, and make everything plausible to her.

Never in his life was the Count Rinaldo constant to any one so long as to his wife. Had she been rich, he would perhaps never have tired of her. As it was, when the first, wild infatuation began to wear off, and the future looked him in the face, he said that he had done a rash and foolish deed; yet he never was anything but kind and gentle to her; he never relaxed in his visits, or spoke less tenderly to her.

But difficulties began to press upon him. In his first eager pursuit of Donna Maria he had involved himself largely in debt. While all his thoughts and energies were bent upon winning Inez he had done the same, and now creditors began to press him on all sides. While he had continued his wooing of the heiress they were not anxious; but now rumor said he had ceased his attentions, they began to dread of losing their money. It was not pleasant, whenever he returned from his beautiful young wife, to find his table strewn with bills and clamorous demands for payment.

One evening among his papers he found an invitation from the father of Donna Maria to a grand *fete* to be given at his house. Rightly conjecturing that the lady herself must have been the originator of the invitation, he accepted it. Donna Maria received him kindly, and told him this *fete* was given as a farewell to all their friends in Seville. They were going to live at Madrid; and it was possible, the lady added, that she might see the count there. Her manner was even flatteringly kind. With a low bow he declared that he should know no happiness again until he was also at Madrid.

Again that evening, despite the beautiful young face that haunted him, the count said to himself that he had done a rash and foolish action. It was evident Donna Maria meant him to understand that he had risen in her estimation and held a high place there. Perhaps his absence had piqued her; certainly her other suitors did not shine in the presence of the high-bred, handsome count.

It is possible to repent even of the realization of our most ardent wishes. Count Rinaldo found it so, although he never showed it to his young wife; a thousand times he wished that he had the wealth of Donna Maria, then he need never repent, need never leave her; but affairs were growing desperate with him, and he resolved to take counsel with his devoted and intimate friend, Luigi Carnello. To him he confided all. His imprudent marriage was already known to him; but now he told him of his embarrassed circumstances and the changed manners of the heiress towards him.

"What a pity it is you have burdened yourself with a wife, Rinaldo," said his friend. "I always thought it a most foolish thing to do."

"But she is so beautiful, and I loved her so," returned the count.

"You have indulged in a very great luxury, let me tell you," said his friend; "it is seldom that people in your position or mine can afford to marry for love. I do not see what you can do. You might follow the heiress to Madrid and marry her, but for the wife you have here."

"A wife that no one knows anything about," said the count, "that is a secret only known to you."

Then the two men paused and looked at each other. In the counsel of the wise there is goodness and wisdom; in the counsels of the wicked sin abounds.

"The only thing I can see for you, the only way of escape, is by freeing yourself, if such a thing be possible—from the tie you have contracted," said Carnello.

"I do not see how it could be done," was the reply of the man who, three months ago, had declared he must win his love, or die.

"Fortunately for you," said Luigi, "your wife seems to be a simple, unsuspecting child. It would be easy to deceive her, if you like to do so."

"I would not hurt her for the world," cried the count.

"There is no need for that," said his friend; "it can be managed; and she, far from suspecting you, will mourn over you as one of the best and truest of men,—'one whom the gods loved,' and so died young."

"But I love her still," he said. "I do not like to leave her."

"In that case, why waste my time and yours?" said Luigi. "The alternatives lie very plainly before you. If you remain here you certainly shall be imprisoned for debt, and so lose everything. Even if you do remain, you cannot claim your wife. You have no means of supporting her. There is nothing but ruin before you in Seville. Free yourself; follow Donna Maria to Madrid; marry her, and you will be one of the richest men in Spain."

"You talk of freeing myself," said the count, impatiently, "as though it were easy to do so."

"So it is," interrupted Luigi. "If you will only follow my advice; but remember this—my brains are my capital; and, if our plot succeeds, I shall expect a very handsome acknowledgment of my skill."

Then, in a low voice, for the words had an ugly sound, the traitor unfolded his plan. At first the count listened impatiently; then the forcible style in which his companion spoke gained upon him. He sighed as he listened, and sat for some moments in perfect silence.

"It is a clever idea, certainly," he said. "But do not be impatient, Luigi. I do not like to think that I shall never see that beautiful face again. You think there is no fear of detection?"

"Not the least," replied Luigi. "That unsuspecting wife of yours will listen to me, and believe; she will make no inquiries; she will not dare to draw down the anger of her friends, when there will be no one to protect her."

Even his hardened heart softened as he uttered those few words. What had that innocent girl done, that she should be so cruelly deceived?

"Now mind," were Luigi's parting words, "you begin this evening. We must have it all over in ten days, and you must go to Madrid."

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE her husband plotted with his friend, Inez was wondering what made him late that evening above all others. She had something to give him,—her first present to him,—and she had spent many happy hours in preparing it. It was a simple, pretty gift, a woven chain of her own black shining hair. She pictured to herself how delighted he would be, how he would kiss her and thank her; "for he loves me so much, my poor Rinaldo," she thought.

At the appointed time she stood near the orange trees, but for the first time he failed in meeting. It was long past their usual hour when Rinaldo, with a strange look upon his face, stood before her.

"I was growing frightened," she said, springing forward to meet him. "Oh Rinaldo what should I do if anything happened to you?"

He looked at the beautiful young face and the love-lit eyes. Something manly and true awoke for one moment in his worldly heart, and he clasped her to him, saying

that nothing could happen, and he would love her until he died.

She gave him the little chain, and listened in wondering delight to his praises and thanks.

"I shall never part with this, Inez," he said; "I shall wear it as a charm; it will keep your love always with me."

Yet he knew as he uttered these words that if his plans were carried out, he would never see his young wife again. He was a bad man, selfish, reckless, and unprincipled; yet not quite so lost as not to feel some remorse at the part he was playing. He looked pale and agitated, his eyes were dim, and his smile forced.

"Tell me, Rinaldo," said Inez, suddenly; "what made you so late this evening?"

He did not look at her as he replied, that he was not well, that he had been suffering from a strange pain in his head.

"If you were to be ill," she said, in alarm, "could I not come to nurse you?"

"Nay," he replied, "that would never do. You would scandalize all Seville. Do not fear. Let us speak of something more pleasant than illness."

"I cannot help it," said the poor young wife. "Your hands are burning hot, Rinaldo; your face changes from white to crimson; you do not look like yourself."

"My race is not a long-lived one," he said, dreamily; and she looked at him in anxious alarm. "No Montalti ever lived to be old."

"But you," she cried, clasping her hands, —"you must live, my husband, or you must let me die with you."

Again the better nature of the man awoke within him, and he half-resolved that he would be true to her, come what might. But those debts, that dreary imprisonment that awaited him if he lingered here, the hopeless, helpless poverty, contrasted with the glowing picture which Luigi had painted of the time when he would be one of the richest men in Spain.

"Inez," he said, turning to his young wife, "all men are low spirited at times. I feel terribly depressed to-day. Do not be startled at my question. What would you do if I were to die?"

Count Rinaldo never forgot the look of anguish that came upon that beautiful face.

"Do, my husband?" she replied,—"I should die with you. I should go on living here until my heart broke. That would not take long. When I lose you, I lose all."

"I have a presentiment upon me," he said. "Ah Inez, you will never forget me, I know. No one would miss me but you. My cousin would be Count Montalti. He would be clever and worthy. If you lived to hear his name become famous in Spain, would it recall the poor count who loved you so well?"

"Do not talk to me so, Rinaldo," she cried; "you torture me."

"Then I will not, if it grieves you," he returned; but several times that evening he reverted to the cousin who would take his title.

In after years Inez remembered how that evening, after he left her, he returned to her side, and folded her in his arms as though he would never release her. Again she smiled, and asked him if he were falling in love with her afresh. Poor girl! she little dreamed how or when she should see Rinaldo Montalti again.

The following evening he did not come. She waited by the orange trees until it grew late, and that night Inez first learned the torture of suspense. He must be ill, she knew. How he raved blindly, madly, against her fate. He was ill, and she could not even go to see him or nurse him; there was no means by which she could ascertain how he was, or anything about him. Was ever fate so sad as hers?

Madame Monteleone hardly knew the pale face that greeted her the following morning. All that day the girl lived in a torturing fever of suspense; it seemed that evening would never come.

Long before the time she was at the trysting place, watching, with wistful eyes, the road by which he should come. There was no sign of him; her eyes grew dim with tears, and her hands burned like fire. The suspense seemed killing her, when, in the far distance, she saw some one coming along the high road. One glance showed it was not her husband; it was Luigi Carnello, looking grave and anxious. Did he feel any sorrow or remorse when his eyes fell upon that pale, mournful face? It was changed, he hardly knew it.

"What is it?" she cried. "Where is my husband? What have you come to tell me?"

Gravely, and with all seeming kindness, he told her that Rinaldo lay ill, and that he had begged him to see his wife, and give her many loving messages for him.

"Can I not see him?" cried the poor young girl. "Remember, he is my husband. Let me see him."

"It would be quite impossible," he replied. "Rinaldo will hasten to you as soon as he is well."

A half smile of relief quivered for a moment upon her lips, and she said, more cheerfully:

"Then he is not very ill; he will soon recover?"

"We hope so," was the reply; "but unfortunately the fever is very prevalent, and he has shown some symptoms we do not like. The best medicine that can be given him will be a cheerful message from you. If I tell him you look sad or unhappy, he will grieve deeply.

"Then I will try not to look or feel either the one or the other," she said. "I need not, if you tell me he will be here perhaps to-morrow."

She kept back the fast rising tears, the bitter sobs that rose to her lips, and smiled as she bade the traitor "good-night."

* * * * *

"How did she bear it? What did she say?" cried Count Rinaldo, eagerly, that evening when his friend sought him.

"She will not die of grief," replied Luigi, with a cynical smile. "She became quite cheerful before I left her. She will soon be consoled, I imagine."

So, day by day, regardless of the agony ruthlessly inflicted upon that young heart, the cruel plot was carried on.

In the quiet household at Serranto they wondered much what had come over the beautiful, high-spirited girl. She was pale and quiet, passing whole days in her room; going out for a short time in the evening, and returning more sorrowful than ever. Nina found her dinner untasted day after day, and she wondered what had taken life, health, and spirits, from her young lady.

In her after life, Inez never forgot the slow, torturing agony of those days; to know that her husband, who had given up all for her, was ill, and yet she could not help him, was a grief beyond words. Had the risk been hers, she would have braved all, and have gone to him; but, for his own sake, she must not. The days seemed endlessly long; and when the evening, so anxiously waited for, came at last, a half hope would rise in her heart that he might be there.

Then came the weary waiting near the orange grove, the hurried visit of Luigi, who looked graver and more anxious every day. She always tried to seem cheerful that Rinaldo might not grieve over her; then followed the night of tears and lonely sorrow.

"Will it ever end?" cried the poor young wife. "Shall I ever be happy again?"

Then a deadly fear would seize her, lest this long illness should be dangerous, and she might never see her husband again. She suffered an agony that was rendered still more acute by her solicitude and isolation.

One evening—Inez never forgot it—when she reached the orange grove, Luigi was already there. The first glance at his face filled her heart with silent dread. She read in it something like sorrow, nervous hesitation, and fear.

"I could not come last evening," he said. "Rinaldo was worse, and I have sad news for you."

She grew pale as death, and her lips quivered as she looked at him.

"Sit down here," he said, "and I will tell you all. Promise me to be brave, as all Spanish women are in the hour of trial."

"Tell me all," she said, in a low, hoarse voice, unlike her own.

Then gently and tenderly he told her that Rinaldo was dead. Once he paused, for the rigid white face alarmed him, and he thought she was going to die; but she looked at him, and he continued his story—how, two days ago, Rinaldo had been seized with the fatal fever raging in Seville; and how, weakened by his previous illness, he had succumbed to it immediately. "Before he died," Luigi continued, "he was conscious for one half-hour, and that he spent in talking to me of you."

He waited then to see if she would speak; but no words came, nothing broke the terrible stillness of that white face. He had expected a torrent of passionate tears, but the large, dark eyes were dry and burning, full of a dreadful horror.

His heart smote him as he looked upon her. If she had wept as women weep, he would have cared less; this grief was beyond him; he did not understand it. Then he drew forth a little packet, and laid it in her hands; it contained a lock of dark curling hair, and a plain signet ring.

"He wished me to bring you these," continued Luigi. "The chain you gave him is round his neck; it has never been removed."

Then she spoke.

"I must see him," she cried, "just once again, Luigi Carnello! Nothing on earth shall prevent me! I will see him once again—then I can die too."

A nervous look came over the young man's face, and he said, gently:

"I half feared to tell you. You can never see him again."

"Do you mean that he is buried?" she cried—"put away out of my sight for ever?"

He took her hands tenderly in his own, and spoke again, gently:

"Hush—it was obliged to be."

"And this," she cried, wildly, "is all that is left to me of my husband—my love—my one only beloved?"

"That, and the memory of his love," replied Luigi. "And now let me give you his message."

He gave her loving, tender words, that he said had been uttered by the dying man. It would be better, he said, when her grief was over, to try and forget him; and he left his last urgent wishes that the secret of their love and marriage should remain a secret still.

"To reveal it now," he continued, "would be worse than useless; it would draw down upon you the anger and indignation of your friends——"

"I do not mind that," she murmured.

"And what is worse," he continued, "it would draw down reproach upon your husband's memory. They would not understand how he loved you. They would insult him even more now he is dead, than they would have done when living. Preserve the memory of his deep love, and keep his memory from reproach. You have still something to live for, Madame Montalti. I, on my part, have taken an oath of secrecy to poor Rinaldo, and I renew the same to you."

He could not tell whether she heard his words or not; for the white face never changed, and the dark eyes still wore the look of vague horror and dread that terrified him.

"Madame, I was your husband's friend," he resumed, gently; "let me be yours also. You look ill and exhausted. It would be better for you to go home and rest."

"You can do me one favor," she replied, drearily. "Go now, and leave me alone with my dead. I shall die if I am not left alone. Come and see me again when I can speak, and tell me more of him."

He thought it best to comply with her wishes. When he turned round to look once more at her, he saw that she had flung herself on the ground, and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE dark shades of night had covered the trees and flowers when Inez rose from her long stupor of grief and found her way home. She was as one dazed with sorrow; she could neither see nor hear. No tears came to relieve the pent-up agony of her tortured heart. He was dead, he who had loved her so; never would that dark face smile on her again; never again would those eyes, so full of love, look down upon her; never more would the musical voice whisper sweet words in the evening gloaming. It was all over; she had seen him for the last time. The golden light that had brightened her life had changed into the deepest gloom. If she could but have seen him once—if he had but clasped her in his arms, and bidden her farewell!

All night she paced drearily up and down her little room.

"If I could but weep," she cried, "this burning pain would leave me!" but no tears came to her relief. When morning dawned, and she did not appear as usual, Nita, full of solicitude, went up to her young lady's room; she found her lying white, and cold, and senseless upon the floor.

Some young girls would have died if they had been called upon to suffer that poor child's anguish. In great alarm Nita summoned Caterina, and between them she was laid upon her little white bed.

They saw that it had not been slept upon. One bathed her forehead with fragrant waters, while the other made a cup of strong coffee. They both agreed it would be better to say nothing of their young lady's illness, lest it should alarm madame.

Inez recovered slowly, and in answer to the numerous and rapid questions the two servants put to her, she said that her head had ached all night so much that she could not sleep.

"I cannot read to madame to-day," she said to Caterina. "Will you tell her that I am unable to rise?"

Then she turned her face from them, and said no more.

Madame Monteleone grieved to hear of her grandchild's illness. She gave orders that every attention should be paid to her, and deeply regretted that she could not visit her and see that she was properly cared for.

It was all the same to poor Inez. Had a dozen solicitious friends surrounded her, she would neither have seen nor heard them. She lay throughout the day lost in a stupor of grief, going over and over again the whole of her short love story—the bright Summer day when she had first seen him, his passionate love for her, his tender words, his deep devotion. And now she was never to see him again!

Ah, if she could but close her eyes and die! Then, like a sharp sword came the memory of that day when he had spoken to her of death, and asked her what she would do without him. She had told him then that she would die with him; and now the time he had foreseen had arrived, yet she was obliged to live on, and bear her sorrows as best she could. She was alone in her grief, as she had been in her happiness and her love.

For two days she lay there, dreading to begin again the dreary, monotonous life that would have no light nor hope.

On the third day she rose. In the wardrobe that had belonged to her young mother she found a black dress. Caring nothing for the remarks that would be made, she put it on, and went to madame's room.

"I am better this morning, grandmamma," she said, "and am come to read to you."

Madame Monteleone gazed at her with something like alarm. What had taken the color from that beautiful face, the light from her dark eyes, the music from her voice? Could that pale, sad, drooping girl, in the heavy mourning dress, be the bright, radiant child, whom no one had been able to manage or govern?

"You have been very ill, Inez," she said, gently; "and, my dear child, why have you put on that black dress? Do take it off—it makes me quite sad to see it."

"Let me wear it," said Inez; "it suits me—and I like it. I never wish to wear anything but black again."

"That's a very strange fancy for a young girl," said madame, inwardly resolving that as soon as Inez looked better and stronger, she would force her to put away the gloomy robe.

THE KHABAR.

SOME time ago one of the papers referred to the "khabar," as a thing of extreme mystery in India. From all we can learn, the Arabic word khabar signifies news; and as used in India, it means a method of communicating news in some extraordinary manner, which, it is alleged, science fails to unravel. The speed with which the news travels is said to be greater than that of the electric telegraph. Should you walk through an Indian marketplace to view the silks of Cashmere, or stroll in o a Turkish bazaar in quest of a serviceable saddle, your hospitable native acquaintance will ask: "Have you any news of So and-so, or of such-and-such a place?" Your reply being in the negative, he may probably proceed to tell you what the khabar says on important affairs transpiring at a distance. To your astonishment you find, after a few days, or even weeks, that your loquacious Hindu, Turkish, Arab, or Persian friend has told you the truth with tolerable correctness.

The Earl of Carnarvon, in his interesting little volume, Recollections of the Druses of Lebanon, makes this observation: "No great moral or religious movement can be confined to the country where it is first born; and through all ages, sometimes by a subtle and almost mysterious agency, the spark of intelligence has flashed along the electric chain by which the nations of the East are darkly bound to each other." And, in proof of the existence of this potent agency, he relates that during the Sikh War of 1845-6 there were cases in which the news of defeat or victory forestalled the arrival of any letters on the subject; and further, that in the late Indian mutiny the somewhat exaggerated intelligence of the repulse at Cawnpore actually reached the Indians of Honduras, and the Maoris of New Zealand, in a manner truly astonishing.

In Jerusalem during the Crimean War, the khabar of the bazaars anticipated the ordinary channels of communication by many days, and, generally, with but little departure from accuracy.

Various theories have been adduced to account for the marvellous rapidity with which news is transmitted, or intercommunicated amongst nations who possess neither the electric telegraph nor steam power. Some even allege that a certain mysterious psychic force is brought to bear between man and man, separated by long distances from each other, in a manner somewhat similar to the revelations we sometimes hear of as given by one relative to another at a distance. But be it as it may, there can be no doubt that there exists in Eastern countries some means whereby intelligence is conveyed with marvellous celerity, without the aid of either steam or electricity.

A French doctor, desiring to learn how fowls would be affected by alcoholic drinks, administered some brandy and absinthe to his poultry, and found one and all take so kindly to their unwonted stimulants that he was compelled to limit each bird to a daily allowance of six cubic centimetres of spirits, or twelve of wine. The result was an extraordinary development of cocks' crests and a general and rapid loss of flesh all round. He persevered until satisfied by experience that two months' absinthe drinking sufficed to kill the strongest cock or hen, while the brandy-drinkers lived four months and a half, and the wine-bibbers held on the ten months ere they died the drunkard's death.

Simon Gould and his wife, who were married nearly seventy-three years ago, are living with their son, who is seventy three years old, near Montpelier, Vt. The husband is in his ninety-ninth year, and his wife in her ninety-sixth. They have lived upon the same farm all their married life.

Senator Gordon, of Georgia, has 40,000 acres of good land, managed by his son, and on it he has 1,700 sheep, for which he has a great fancy.

LOVE'S PRAYER.

Kiss me, darling. Let your lips
Be a rose that breaks apart,
And I'll be the bee that sips
Honey from the rose's heart.
Ah! the scarlet leaves unclose
Of this blossom blown for me,
Happy fate to be a rose!
Happier fate to be a bee!

Kiss me, darling. Let your eyes
Be the violets on the hill;
I will be the wind that flies
Hither, thither at its will.
When my kiss upon them lies
Then the blossoms, sweet and shy,
Must look up in swift surprise
While the laughing wind goes by.

Kiss me, darling. Let my heart
Be a warm and pleasant nest;
Come and swing its doors apart,
Enter in and be my guest.
Love stands just within the door—
Tender shall his welcome be;
There, my darling, evermore,
Sing your song for him and me.

My Rival.

BY G. L. F.

BRIGHT and happy and peaceful was my village home, situated in a lovely New England valley. I was young, vigorous, contented—ay, contented and happy, for Fanny Bray, my schoolmate and next neighbor, who was just sixteen, and two years my junior, loved me, and had told me so as plainly as those, soft bewitching blue eyes of hers could speak.

How dearly I loved Fanny; how I secretly watched her every motion at the service in the little meeting-house each Sunday; how the sun would creep through the windows, and, glancing athwart her soft and abundant hair, glisten there as though it loved to rest upon it. How softly her voice sounded, as she joined in the response. And when I walked homeward with her by my side, how sweetly she smiled, and how kindly she spoke of every one, and how all the young fellows envied me because they saw that Fanny loved me.

It was a forward spring, and May day was to be ushered in on the morrow by a garland dance, a May-pole, the choice of a queen of beauty to reign for the occasion; a festive board was to be spread, and half the village were well near crazy at the bare anticipation of the delightful occasion. Of course, I was happy—ay, happy as the most enthusiastic; for well I knew that Fanny Bray—my Fanny—would be chosen queen of May; and this delighted me as much as though I were myself to be elevated to some high honor. Full of anticipation and delight, I slept none on the previous night, and was among the first to embark in the furtherance of the preparations for the festive occasion.

The hours passed on, the garlanded pole was reared on the village green, the rustic dance was picturesque, the queen—dear Fanny—was more lovely than ever, and even the most cynical of the villagers gathered about the spot with interest and kindly words. But hark! there is a sound of a horse's hoofs, and a gay and dashing rider draws up before the village inn, where he dismounts, tosses the reins to the landlord, and desires refreshments for himself and his horse. Ere long, attracted by the throng upon the green, the stranger joins it, and full of animation enters into the spirit of the occasion, chattering pleasantly with one and another, and captivating all by his grace and manly beauty. Even Fanny looked kindly upon him, and before a half hour had passed, he led her forth in the dance!

Had an adder stung me I should not have been more poisoned in body than I was at once in mind. How could she look so kindly upon the stranger?—how could she dance with him? Never before had I so detested the polka as I now did, since I had seen his arm around Fanny's waist, and her hand resting upon his shoulder. I felt as though I could strangle him, and involuntarily clutched the dead branches that lay by my side, as though I had his throat in my grasp.

The new comer was polished, town-bred, finely dressed, and had withal many attractions that rendered him vastly my superior in personal appearance. This I fully realized; and as I saw that he was evidently struck with Fanny's beauty and gentleness, I trembled for the result. The stay, which he had apparently intended at the outset to be one of an hour or so, had already extended to a week; nay, the second week was already entered upon. He was constantly with Fanny, and she seemed more than pleased with his attentions. I was too proud to interfere, though I loved her so dearly I wanted her not, unless she loved me the same; and so I never was in the way to interrupt their intercourse. He had evidently heard of my intimacy and partial engagement with Fanny, and now I thought when I caught his eye, that I detected an expression of triumph there.

This was too much. I could command my jealousy so far as Fanny was concerned, but I could not be exulted over and sneered at; that single glance of his eye fired my spirit of revenge, and I inwardly swore venganoe. I brooded over the idea, until I worked my feelings up to such a pitch that I was prepared for anything. What was life to me? All its charm were now gone. She I loved was faithless; I cared not to live. But he—he should not have her, though she was not to be mine. This I was resolved upon and solemnly swore to. One or two more of those looks—either really exulting, or at any rate so seeming to me—fixed my resolve; and brought it to an immediate issue. Charles Wayland was the stranger's name, and I resolved ere another month should pass it should be graven upon his tombstone!

It was a dark, rainy night, scarcely a month subsequent to that happy May morning, that I stood watching the lamp in the window of the little inn, which lighted the apartment where my rival was now retiring to sleep. Sleep!—I resolved that it should be his last long sleep—the sleep of death! All unheeding the pelting of the soaking rain, I stood and waited for hours until every light in the village had vanished, and the silence of the grave reigned over all. Then I stole to the backyard of the inn, noiselessly raised a window, leaped into the kitchen, and groped my way through the passages to the door of my rival's room. Lock, there was none, and I easily effected an entrance. It was fearfully dark, but at that moment the moon broke forth and streamed into the room through the window, and disclosed my victim sleeping before me, at the same time dazzling my eyes, as it was reflected back from the shining blade of the dagger I held.

It was a fearful business, and I trembled in spite of myself. Again the moon broke forth and lighted up his face so suddenly and distinctly, that I thought for a moment he had awakened. The light did cause him to move slightly, and I shrunk back behind the bedposts to avoid observation. All was still again, and in my stockings only I crept towards the bed. How strangely the moon kept bursting out and pouring its intense light into the room! I thought I had never seen it so brilliant before—it dazzled me fairly; and the steel I held looked like fire, with its polished surface illumined. There was no time for hesitation. I drew hastily towards the bed, the clouds intervened between the moon and the earth, as if to throw a veil over the deed; I raised my arm to strike, when the bright and dazzling light again streamed full upon my victim's face! I shuddered at his unconsciousness! My hand fell by my side, I could not strike.

Still I stood there resolved; my dagger dropped, the ringing noise awoke him, we grappled each other, his hot breath was upon my face, his grasp at my throat, I struck—struck deep and true! Not a groan escaped his lips, but as the moon once more broke forth and lighted up the room, his eyes rested on me in recognition and reproach; gradually his hand relinquished its pressure upon my neck, his head fell back, and he sunk heavily upon the floor. He was dead!

How my temples throbbed, how my heart beat, how my brain reeled. I rushed forth in the cold night air, and its damp breath revived me. But whither was I to fly? I was a murderer! O, the terrible oppression that was weighing me down! I could not fly, I could not place one foot before another—my feet seemed suddenly to become useless. O, how the memory of that last look of my victim haunted me! I could not forget it for a moment: those eyes though closed in death, seemed still gazing upon me, piercing my very soul, and stabbing me to the heart like daggers. I sunk helplessly upon the ground, and lay there motionless.

At last I strove to pray. Dare I to pray after what I had just done? No; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I strove to clasp my hands and lift them heavenward in supplication, even though I spoke not—for O, how the weight of my crime bore me down! I could not lift my hands. Were they palsied? Had I lost the power of motion? With bitter sternness of will I resolved to conquer by the influence and strength of the mind the weakness of the body. I struggled and awoke! Is it possible? Yes; I was in bed, and all this was a dream!

The Rev. Mr. Todd was induced to believe while at the town of Brinkley, Nev., recently, that certain roughs had plotted to assassinate him. He, therefore, slipped out of town by a back street as quickly as possible. He started through the Cache swamp, but lost his way, and wandered for seven days and nights without food. He at least reached Duvall's Bluff, badly briar-torn and covered with echimosed spots for want of something to eat. The Brinkley people now say that the assassination story was intended to frighten Mr. Todd, whose timidity as well as worthy qualities were known.

A poor vinedresser of Burgundy drew from a lottery a prize of $90,000. Thankfully he gave $10 000 for the building of a church in his native village, and then with his family he went to Paris, where in one year he spent the remainder of his money. He then returned to his village and became sexton of his church.

The Old Letter.

BY ROSE MURRAY.

JOHN GILFOY sat on the porch of his pleasant home, looking at the beautiful scene before him, while the book upon his lap lay unnoticed.

For half an-hour he had sat motionless, with that wistful, far-seeing, absorbed gaze in his blue eyes, while Mrs. Gilfoy had sat equally motionless watching him.

Between them, sleeping softly, lay their child, a yellow-haired baby, like to its father in its Saxon fairness.

Presently along the country road near by sounded the rattle of wheels, and as the carriage drew near with its one passenger there came suddenly into his face a look as if those disturbed visions had strangely taken life.

So indeed they had.

The woman now almost beside the porch, was Ella Mason, his second cousin, with whom down here at their Aunt Hettie Benson's he had spent one never-to-be-forgotten summer.

He had been thinking of her as he looked upon the bay, where, three years before, they had passed so many hours together.

And now at this sudden apparition of her, his eyes gathered an awed, startled look, as at the sight of one long dead.

For one instant, when the carriage had rolled in front of the door, Miss Mason sat regarding the group before her with wide-wild eyes.

Then as John Gilfoy controlled himself and came forward to help her alight, Ella recovered from her surprise and greeted him with easy courtesy.

"What a surprise to meet you here, Mr. Gilfoy! I had no idea auntie was entertaining such pleasant guests," said Ella, as she stepped from the vehicle.

"We only came yesterday," said John. "Neither my wife nor child have been well this summer, and I brought them down here for a change of air."

Before Ella could reply, footsteps came rapidly through the hall and Aunt Hettie bustled forward.

"Law sakes! Ella, is it really you?"

"I rather think it is, auntie," returned Ella, with a little laugh; getting up to give her aunt a kiss.

"Well, I am glad to see you! I could scarcely believe my eyes when John brought your letter this mornin' sayin' you was a-goin' to stop here on your way. Why, child, it's an age since I've seen your dear face."

"Only a little age, auntie; something over this baby's here," responded Ella, still smiling.

"Come to think," pursued her aunt, "you and Miss Rose and John were all here together last. You see," she continued, looking at Mrs. Gilfoy, "I can't get quite used to callin' her by the old name."

Ella gave an almost imperceptible little shiver.

"What a draught there is here, auntie."

"You're warm with travelin', child. Sit down here, away from the door, and get cool and rested, and Jemima shall bring you a glass of milk while I get the room ready for you."

So Ella sat there and talked with her old-time lover and her old-time friend.

But the conversation was a restrained one, and all three felt relieved when the aunt made her appearance to announce that the room was ready.

"Jemima's taken up your valise, and I think you can find your way there without much trouble, Ella. And I thought I'd better give you this, for I'm gettin' so forgetful in my old age," she continued, referring to an envelope she held in her hand. "You can't think how beat I was when we found it yesterday mornin'. You see when John sent word that he was goin' to bring his wife and the baby down here, Jemima and I went to work to give Miss Rose's old room a little extra clean, and what should I get from back of the mantel, but this letter for you. I was a goin to write and tell you all about it, as soon as I got the chance."

"Thanks, auntie, I daresay it is of little account," responded Ella, lightly, holding out her hand for the old yellow-white envelope.

And then as she recognized John Gilfoy's well-known chirography, her face paled, her fingers trembled, and she turned hastily—but not before she had seen that Jane's face was as ashy as her own, and her eyes affrighted, and had met a glance that was a revelation.

In her own room, with the sound of his voice floating in at the open windows, she read what John Gilfoy had written three summers before:

"Ella, dear Ella, I am called abruptly away; and though I shall hasten my return as much as possible, I must say now what I was deterred from finishing last night—that I love you beyond aught else in the world. In two hours Miss Rose will have given you this. Write me, then, by to-morrow's post, my precious love, that I have read your eyes aright, and that your heart is mine, and you will give me your life also.

JOHN GILFOY."

Her eyes dilated, her beautiful, colorless face grew more and more strangely white, the sheet fluttered from her nerveless fingers. He, John Gilfoy, the man she had loved so hopelessly had cared for her as she had once dreamed!

And, now, she could hear him caressing his child—another woman's husband.

Should she show him the letter—reveal to him the perfidy of the woman who had once professed to be her friend, and was, now, through treachery his wife, or not?

In answer to her summons, Mrs. Gilfoy entered the room and threw herself into an easy chair.

"What does this mean?" demanded Ella, pointing to the note. "I loved John Gilfoy, and—thank God I know it even thus late—he loved me. Why should I suffer in silence and never stand cleared in his eyes? Why should he not know that I loved and through whose agency this knowledge was kept from him?"

"Because," exclaimed Jane, passionately, falling at her feet, "while I know that I have wronged him and you, and that he has never loved me as, perhaps, he would have loved you, yet he cares for me in a kindly way since he believed you trifled with him and was not worthy of his love, and I am the mother of his child. Would you go to him and estrange us forever, and render that baby either fatherless or motherless?"

"Enough! John Gilfoy shall never hear from me of your treachery, nor suspect that he is dearer to me than my own life. But I cannot stay here. I shall go away this afternoon."

And so these two women, who had once been friends, parted, the sinned against and the sinning.

* * * * *

Jane Gilfoy was dead; and Ella Mason's fate was indeed hard.

One, two, three years she waited for the man who mourned his wife, and devoted himself to his motherless child, to seek again the woman he had loved in the olden days.

And when a long course of fever left her weak, but free from the danger which had threatened her for weeks, Miss Mason was scarcely thankful for the life which had been spared her—the life which was so valueless, so utterly and always heart-sick, unsatisfied and lonely.

Still she grew better; so much better at last that she yielded to the entreaties of physicians and friends, and Hettie herself to go down to her aunt's.

And one summer evening when the meadows were at their greenest, she was lifted out of the carriage at the door—lifted out by John Gilfoy's strong, caressing arms.

"Ella, my own henceforth! Thank God, you are spared me!"

Powerless to speak, Ella's great grey eyes filled now with passionate, love-light looked into his.

"Never mind questions, darling. I know everything—know that I hold in my arms my own best love."

"But, John, she is a woman," announced her Aunt Hettie. "She'll never be satisfied unless she is told something about this matter."

Then, taking her niece from John to her own kindly embrace, she whispered:

"Walls sometimes have ears, Ella. I heard certain things once, and put this and that together, and made out a story that I did not feel at liberty to tell—though my blood boiled to do so—until I visited you when you were sick and raving, and knew that love which you had promised never to betray was, perhaps, killing you. When I came home I wrote a letter that fetched John home from a trip to foreign parts. Now dear are you satisfied, and do you think you can stay here, and forget old times, and get well and happy again?"

"Ah, aunt, I am more than satified. To know that John understands me, and loves me at last, is bliss for which I had forever ceased to hope. Indeed, I shall get well, and happy. Am I not happy now?" putting her hands, with an eloquent gesture, into those of her lover. "As for the past we will never revert to it again—except that I thank you, aunt, God alone knows how fervently—for what you have done for me."

"Law, Ella, I know all about it myself! Do you think you young folks are the only ones who have ever loved?" responded her aunt, as she beamingly led the way to Miss Mason's room, followed by John with the invalid supported tenderly in his loving arms.

The Paris *Figaro* tells of Miss Cora, an American, who is known as "Le Fiancee des Lions," who "nurses her lions tenderly in sickness, and lately brought up a whelp by hand." Once while the menagerie was traveling in Hungary the troupe ran short of provisions, and the lions grew ravenous. At this juncture appeared a band of brigands with a discharged employe of the troupe. Miss Cora quickly surrendered her jewels, and then darting to the vans opened the lions' cage. The sagacious creatures instantly recognized their proper dinners. An hour later they had "gotten outside" of two bandits, and in the happy frame of mind which a full stomach generates sat licking their mistress' hand.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY LAMARTINE.

Born with the spring, to die when droops the rose,
By zephyrs wafted through the luc'd air,
The young flower's breast thy couch of brief repose,
Thou coy Bacchant of all that's sweet and fair—
Spurning the earth with wings of wondrous hue,
To mingle with the everlasting blue.
Lo! such the butterfly's enchanting fate!
How like D'sire that restless roams below;
Finds here no fount whence joys enduring flow,
And soars to heaven, its longings there to sate!

By Moonlight.

BY S. W.

I do wish to goodness somebody would take him away. There will be mischief if he stops much longer. I never saw him like this before."

The speakers were Mark Hartbrook and Jane, his wife, host and hostess of the Whinridge Arms, Thornford. The scene of their anxious interview, their own small snuggery behind the bar, the time of it, an evening in April. The Thornford Hunt meeting had taken place that day, and it was now after dinner, with the stewards and their friends in the principal room of the Whinridge Arms.

Hartbrook had abundant cause for anxiety. The Squire, of whom he and his wife spoke, handsome Gustavus Whinridge of Thornford Hall, was their landlord, and Mark's former master. A warm hearted generous-natured fellow, imbued with old-world ideas of honor, he was, unhappily for his personal peace and the habitual comfort of those with whom he was brought in contact, handicapped with a hot head and a spirit that brooked not the least contradiction.

"He and young Dykely are flying at each other, Jenny; and how the row will end, I don't know."

"What are they disputing about?"

"Why, the Hunt Cup."

"But if Dykely won, he beat nothing from the Hall."

"That's nothing to do with it. The Squire means mischief to night. Go it!" continued he, apostrophising a bell, which shook above his head with unusual violence. "I know whose hand's at the other end of that wire. I must go; if anybody else faced him at this moment something dreadful would happen."

Hereupon the bell was shaken with augmented ferocity.

"All right. I am coming, Gustavus the Terrible."

With which satirical observation Mark Hartbrook vanished.

The scene in the dining-room as mine host entered was literally one of admired disorder. Half a dozen men were speaking at once, and two members of the company were accentuating their remarks by means of gestures that betokened anger. One was the Squire, who had risen his height—upwards of six feet—and was standing with his back to the uncertain mirror at the president's end of the table, confronting, with flushed face and dangerous eyes, his opponent, Captain Dykely, a thin-lipped, dark haired, wiry man of pallid complexion. The voices could scarcely be said to mingle; Whinridge's was at the top of the entire discordant chorus of expostulation. He turned as Hartbrook entered, and, passing one hand through his yet luxuriant curls—in color a slightly grizzled auburn—he folded his arms across his chest, and said—

"Hartbrook, I want you."

"I am at your service, sir."

"My friend,"—a slightly sinister emphasis on the word friend—"my friend Captain Dykely and myself have had a dispute, and we want you to decide it."

"If you can," interposed the Captain.

"I know he can, sir; and that ought to suffice. Listen. You were on the holm today, and you saw the race for the Cup?"

"I did, sir."

"Very good. Now what do you know about Fluefaker, Captain Dykely's horse? Is he not—"

"Squire!—Squire!" protested several of the company.

"You are right gentlemen. I will not put a leading question. Well — Fluefaker?"

"Is a son of Agrimony and Fluff. Did nothing as a two year old. Was beaten when he was backed by the public, and won a couple of plates when he wasn't, at three. Was bought out of a selling race; and tried over hurdles at four. That is all I know. How he came to be qualified to run to-day for the Hunt Cup is what I do not know."

"What did I say, gentlemen? That this horse was not a genuine hunter. Why, gentlemen, at equitable weights this patched up crock of a leather flapper would not have the least chance against an honest hunter over a fair line of country."

"He can be matched with anything you have got in your stable, when and where you please," exclaimed Captain Dykely, by this time thoroughly roused.

"He can, can he?" almost shrieked the Squire. "Then you are on, sir. Hang it, I'll run you for the Cup, and back mine for a hundred!"

"Yes!" replied the Captain, with energy. "Catch weights. Name your time."

"Name my time? Of course I will. My time, Captain Dykely, is to night, one hour after moonrise!"

And in the midst of the hubbub this announcement caused, Whinridge his whole frame vibrating with joyous excitement, left the room, taking Hartbrook with him. Dykely followed their example, with a grave air of deliberation that betrayed his awakened concern.

The Squire took Hartbrook into a private room.

"Now, Mark attend to me. I shall want you to help me through with this business. Where is Crowe?"

"Awaiting your orders."

"And Appletart?—O. I can guess. With his mouth in the manger." He rang the bell peremptorily. "Tell Crowe," he said to the neat-handed Phillis who obeyed the summons, "to tie up Appletart's head at once and then come to me."

"Why, sir, you surely don't—"

"Have a care, or you'll head the fox. I do mean to run Appletart, if that is what you are aiming at. He was a bad third today, but his jockey did not ride him out for a place, or else I think he might have been second. However, we'll discover tonight whether the weight won't just bring the pair together."

"But, sir—the jockey?"

"Ha! that's where you are, is it? Well, I own that the jockey is rather an important feature in the case. However, wait. The jockey will be ready, never fear. The moon rises at eleven, and we have therefore nearly six hours to look about us. By this time Crowe will have abridged Appletart's supper. Look in, and then send here."

The news of the novel match spread rapidly through the town, and attracted to the recognised centre of operations, the Whinridge Arms, crowds of sportsmen and idlers of all classes anxious to hear "the right of it."

The moon arose precisely at the time appointed by the local almanac. But where was the Squire? From the moment he, Hartbrook, Captain Dykely, and William Heckler, the starter (who was on this occasion to act as judge) had arranged the *modus operandi*, he had been missing.

It wanted but twenty minutes of the midnight by Heckler's watch, and still the Squire came not. Standing about in animated groups in the paddock on Windyholm, the Thornford race course, were many of what might be termed the upper circles of sporting society, eagerly discussing the chances of the coming encounter; and as the moments sped, bringing the "one hour after moonrise" excitingly near, wondering whether the match would come off after all. Fluefaker, ready for action, was being led about, while Appletart, in his clothing, was kept gently moving at the opposite corner; Crowe, of course, in jealous attendance. Second in order of interest to the two flyers was Captain Dykely. He was fully equipped for the fray, and had been on view for some time.

"Ah, there goes the quarter!"

The sound of the chimes, as it floated on the gentle night breeze, was heard and noted by the crowd, now wrought up into a nervous state of expectancy by the continued absence of the Squire. Hartbrook, unshaken until this moment in his trust in the absentee's turning up in time, began to waver.

A sound of wheels. "Hurrah!"

The cheer was not thrown away. It was the Squire, driving a dog cart. He pulled up by the paddock-rails, and, leaping out, turned to assist his companion to alight, saying as he did so:

"Hartbrook, where are you? Take care of these. Now, Redgy, come with me."

"Why, it's his son Reginald!"

In the hubbub caused by the arrival of Mr. Whinridge and his youngest son, a pale thin boy of about twelve years of age, it was by no means easy for the principals in the drama to make the preparations necessary for raising the curtain.

Hartbrook, proud of his office, carried a light racing-saddle and its necessary "accompaniments," and, walking by the side of the youth, followed the Squire into the paddock.

The Squire's arrival was greeted quite as fervently as, if more quietly than, it had been by the crowd outside. He shook hands with Lord Gules, one of the stewards, expressed his delight at knowing that his lordship had consented to act as starter, and then faced the Captain.

"Now, Captain Dykely, shall we get ready?"

"Your jockey, Mr. Whinridge?"

"Is my son Reginald. Have you any objection to him?"

"Every objection, Mr. Whinridge. When I made this—I don't mind admitting it—stupid match, it was not with the idea that I was going to have for an opponent a mere child."

"Child or not, he rides."

"I am no more a child than he is, 'papa!'" exclaimed the boy. "If I can ride, what more does he want?"

"If you can ride!" said Captain Dykely, with a sneer.

"Dykely," interposed Lord Gules, "I must say that, according to the terms of the match, you are bound to accept Whinridge's jockey, or forfeit."

"Very well," rejoined Dykely sullenly, "very well. If the baby breaks his neck I am not to blame, mind. Let us get it over."

The boy, giving up his overcoat and hat to Hartbrook, and putting on a silk cap which he produced from his pocket, presently appeared, like his opponent, fully equipped for action. In default of silk he wore a thin jersey, but otherwise it would have been impossible to find fault with his appearance. His father gave him a leg up, and then walked by his side to the starting post, where Lord Gules was already waiting with the flag.

Completely out of the view and hearing of the people, who by this time thronged the stand, the Squire imparted his final orders.

"Keep with him, but not too close, for the first mile, and then come away as hard as you can pelt. It is a splendid moon—most as light as day—and you ought to do the journey without the least mistake. Now, Redgy, my own dear boy, show them what kind of metal you are made of."

Without another word he left his son and Captain Dykely to amble their way to the starting post, and the whole thong go across to a bit of rising ground near the brook, where they can obtain an excellent view of at least three parts of "the country." There they stood waiting for the shout that is to signal the start. It comes at last.

"Here they come!" shouted the Squire, in a strangled voice. "Here they come, and my boy is leading! Let him have it, Redgy! Lose him, my dear child! lose him! Good lad! He is coming away like a steam engine!"

As Appletart approached a brook that crossed the course the excitement of the Squire intensified, especially when he saw that Captain Dykely was rapidly lessening the gap between him and the Squire's horse. There was only about a length and a half of moonlight between Appletart and Fluetaker as the former rose like a bird over the brook and landed in safety.

"Thank God, that's over!" murmured Whinridge; but he spoke too soon, for the horse terrified by the cheering of the crowd, tore along in a manner that betokened an early dissolution of partnership between him and his jockey.

In a voice that was neither a shout nor a yell, but a frantic blending of both, Mr. Whinridge exclaimed:

"The horse has bolted! Out of the way with you! Redgy, keep him straight, my boy! Good la-ad, go—"

* * * * *

"How much did I win by?" asked the boy faintly, as he opened his eyes in a hushed apartment in the Whinridge Arms. He had not spoken since they picked him up and found that an arm was broken: "How much?"

His father, whose eyes were moist and dim, and whose voice was quiet like a woman's, said:

"Twenty lengths was the judge's verdict, Redgy—twenty lengths. And the Cup is for you, my boy. And whenever you think your father is getting out of bounds, as you may think hereafter, *show* him that goblet, and remind him of what it went through when it was Won by the Light of the Moon."

The Italian newspapers complain of the "ever frustrated desire to behold the Queen of England" during her late tour. The gates of her villa on Lake Maggiore were "always closed, always guarded by carabineers." Only at 4 o'clock in the afternoon could she be seen, and then "in the same wagonette, with the same postillion for outrider." The people were amused that the Princess Beatrice should go across the lake in a common boat and buy knick-knacks, like wool and thread.

The engineer and fireman of a locomotive on the Missouri Kansas and Texas Railroad had a desperate fight on the trip from Emporia to Parsons. In the struggle the throttle-valve was pulled wide open and the speed of the train became frightful. The conductor found them belaboring each other with hammers and wrenches. The train was stopped just in time to avoid a collision with a freight train.

At each returning Christmas, New Year's, birthday and festal occasion a kind but prudent father presents his little daughter with a valuable gift of the useful variety—a dress, a hat, or a pair of boots. "Pa," finally said the little one, "my birthday comes next week. If you love me, and I think I have been a real good girl, you might give me something that's useless."

Thirty-eight ladies have already received degrees in France as doctors and bachelors of art.

Scientific and Useful.

ECONOMICAL LUBRICATOR.—A more economical lubricator than oil may be made by boiling one ounce of soap in a pint of water. This lubricator could not, of course, be used on all occasions; but there are many instances in which it will save gallons of oil.

PRESERVING SPECIMENS.—As a substitute for spirits of wine for the preservation of zoological and anatomical preparations, concentrated glycerine, is cheaper, not liable to evaporation, not combustible, and, moreover, as better preserving the natural color of various preparations usually kept and preserved in spirits of wine.

A NEW RAILROAD SIGNAL.—A bell, worked by electricity, is set up at the depot, and when the trains come within a mile of the station it will ring until they arrive. The danger signal is thus given, and the waste of steam is avoided, to say nothing of the racket of the usual whistling. It has been tried in New York and is a success.

FIRE PROOF PAPER AND INK.—Fireproof paper for valuable documents may be made from one part vegetable fibre, two parts asbestos, one tenth of a part borax, nine-tenths of a part alum. A fireproof ink for the same may be made from 850 grains graphite, 80 grains copal varnish, 75 grains copperas, 300 grains tincture of galls and indigo carmine.

MAKING HOLES IN GLASS.—An easy way of making a hole in plate glass is to make a circle of clay or cement, somewhat larger than the intended hole; into the cell thus made pour some kerosene, ignite it, and after placing the plate on a moderately hard support, and with a stick rather smaller than the hole required, and a hammer, strike a smart blow. This will leave a rough-edged hole, which may be smoothed with a file.

CEMENT FOR BASEMENT WALLS.—To make a dry coating for basement walls, take fifty pounds pitch, thirty pouns resin, six pounds English red and twelve pounds brick dust. Boil these ingredients and mix them thoroughly; then add about one-fourth the volume of oil of turpentine, or enough to flow easily, so that a thin coating may be laid on with a whitewash or paint brush. Walls thus coated are proof against dampness.

VENTILATION.—Many persons complain of always getting up tired in the morning. This is very often due to defective ventilation of the bed room, or from using an undue amount of warm bed clothes and bedding. Feather beds are too soft and yielding, and partially envelope the sleeper, thus producing profuse perspiration. Again, it is a common error to suppose that by simply opening a window a little at the top, a room can be ventilated. People forget that for proper ventilation there must be an inlet and outlet for the air. In bed-rooms there is often neither, and if there is a fire-place, it is generally closed up. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that foul air goes to the top, but the chief impurity, the carbonic acid, falls to the bottom. There is nothing as efficacious in removing the lower strata of air as the ordinary open fireplace, especially if there is a fire burning.

Farm and Garden.

SUNFLOWERS.—Many places along the sunny sides of fences might be utilized by the planting of sunflowers. The large headed kinds are very profitable for feeding to poultry. The seeds are coarse and full of oil. Feed the sunflower seeds with cracked corn and rye.

FENCE POSTS.—Char the ends of your posts before putting them into the holes. They will last much longer. They may be charred a little higher than the ground, although that is likely to make them a little unsightly. There are farmers who even after charring make an application of thin tar.

CORN FOR SEED.—Use only grains from the middle of the ear, rejecting the butts and tips. Experience shows that ears from the butts are short and thick, while those from the tips have fewer rows and thin stalks. The grains from the middle of the ear have larger germs and more substance to nourish the sprouts.

PRESERVATION OF MILK.—Boracic acid is the best antiseptic agent for preserving milk sound for unusual lengths of time. With the temperature at eighty degrees Fahrenheit one part of boracic added to 300 parts of milk caused it to remain sweet for fifty hours. At this temperature natural milk soured in twenty to twenty-two hours.

PASTURE IN SPRING.—Great care should be exercised in making the change from hay to grass diet. A good plan is to turn cattle into a home pasture for a few hours a day for two or three weeks, feeding also hay; they will thus be prepared for living on grass alone, and having become accustomed by moderate exercise to walking, they will drive more readily.

HANGING GARDEN.—A hanging garden of sponge is a very pretty window ornament. Take a good sized sponge and sow it full of rice, oats or wheat, placing it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish containing water. The sponge will absorb the moisture, and the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place the sponge may be suspended by a cord from a hook at the top of the window, so as to swing free where it will get a little sun. It will thus become a living mass of green, and require but little moisture.

FORMATION OF SOILS.—The successful cultivation of the soil depends upon chemical principles. Our soil is composed of organic and inorganic substances. Red heat will destroy the organic part, which consists of two groups of matter. The one contains nitrogen; the other is destitute of this element. All plants producing soils must contain a supply of these substances. The important inorganic elements in the soil are potash, soda, magnesia, oxide of iron, sulphuric acid and phosphoric acid. A healthy plant contains them all. If any of these elements are wanting in any soil, they must be reproduced by the application of fertilizers.

CLOVER.—The merits of clover as a fertilizer cannot be too strongly praised. Clover roots down and brings up to itself the most beneficial elements of the subsoil. These elements are ploughed into the upper soil with the clover, without bringing up the unnecessary and useless elements of that subsoil. It feeds strongly, but it gives back more than it takes. It is the great rooter. If we were limited to clover as a fertilizer or to some other one fertilizer, it would be hard not to choose clover. If we wanted to rest a piece of land for a year or so, we should sow clover and turn sheep on it, and it would rest, not only without loss, but with large profit.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 1879.

TIME AND WORK.

PERHAPS in no other particular are people so penny wise and so pound foolish as in the employment of time. One individual engaged in business gets worn out, dyspeptic, and nervous; a month's relaxation would restore his health; yet, rather than give himself the needful rest, he takes the risk of years of suffering and inability. Another, in the mistaken idea that he is economical, occupies time in comparatively profitless occupations, when he should be employed in his regular calling. Another makes idleness a profession. True economy in the use of time consists in getting as large a return as possible for its expenditure. The man who ruins his eyes by reading in the train, under the mistaken idea that he is economizing time, is not getting the largest return possible for the use of that time. Good vision in advancing age is worth more than all the information thus obtained. The student who spends a couple of hours a day with his skates, oars, cricket, or football, is probably earning more in his recreation than in any similar period of time spent in study. The man who, by a hearty frolic with his children in the morning before he starts to his work, gets good humor for the day, earns as much in his play as he does in his work. We labor and labor, but there is just as much necessity for recreation as for labor. We cannot live without it—not even the laboring man. Exercise is all well enough, but it must be the right kind. The mind as well as the body wants exercise. But it wants something else as well as the body—it wants a change; it wants to get into a new channel, to get new life infused into it. There never was a truer saying than that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Dyspepsia *settles* upon people. If they stir about and act, mentally and physically, there is no chance for it to do this. We must get out of the one rut, if we have been in that alone and taste a variety of life. With it come health and enjoyment.

IT is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other, and the alternations of the one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is said that the oil that exudes from orange peel when bent between the fingers, will check the progress of carbuncles in their incipient stage. Perhaps the oil may also be useful for other cutaneous eruptions.

—

A SOCIETY has been formed in England for the preservation of "open spaces," such as commons, village greens, footpaths, etc., an example which could be emulated in this country with the most advantageous results.

—

THE German Empress Augusta has offered a prize for the best treatise on diphtheria that shall be published within a year. A disease which has been so very fatal and baffling to the most skilful physicians should bring many competitors for the prize.

—

CARDIAC hypertrophy, or muscular enlargement of the heart—a very serious disease—is often induced by an excess of muscular exercise, a fact that should not be forgotten by those men and women who indulge in contests of strength, endurance, or agility.

—

"MADAME ANGOT" baskets filled with flowers worn suspended low on the dress by satin ribbons, are among the many charming caprices introduced by Fashion, and have been worn by the bride at some fashionable weddings. They are also used filled with gay-colored flowers for the many floral decorations in vogue for weddings.

—

PANSIES are the favorite flowers this season; they come in all the varieties which are raised by gardeners, but the deep purple ones and those of violet-blue are most used; these last are called "Yeux Dagmar," as they are said to be of the same color as the eyes of the Princess Dagmar, and her beautiful sisters Alexandra and Thyra.

—

THE great half-yearly fast day was observed at Glasgow with the usual solemnity. No covenanter throughout the country would think of breaking his fast from sunrise to sunset, but when that moment arrives, it is not hunger he feels, but the most intolerable thirst. He then craves brandy, not bread, and there were innumerable stand-up fights and committals.

—

PALM SUNDAY is the occasion of a very pleasant custom in Naples, where the palm branches are bestowed as souvenirs of friendship. They are often the mediators between those who have been separated during the past year by the little misunderstandings and quarrels of life which have been kept alive by a false pride. A sprig of blessed olive, or a palm branch arranges all the difficulty—it is given and accepted, and peace is restored.

—

LONDON respects Queen Victoria, but will laugh at her occasionally. It has been said that Her Majesty has an enormous stock of India shawls, and that whenever she is called upon to give a present she always draws upon this stock. Therefore, when the Duke of Connaught was about to be married, bets were made at the clubs upon the chances as to whether the new daughter in-law would get a shawl. She did, and more than one, for the Court Circular announces that the Queen presented the bride with three India shawls.

—

ONE of the stateliest relics of Old London, the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, in Smithfield, has been abandoned to the cats. An antiquarian complains in a letter to the *Echo* that those agile and musical animals innocently disport themselves by day in choir and sanctuary, and profane the sacred walls by night with the wildest orgies. The altar is covered with a loathsome looking thing which was once a velvet cloth, and is embellished with two common earthen pots, containing artificial plants, blooming with paper flowers. The coals are seen in a heap on the floor, and everything betokens the most heartless neglect. Yet this fine Norman priory is one of the most precious monuments of antiquity.

—

THE increase of our literary resources within a half century is astonishing. In 1830 the Bible, the almanac, and the few text books used in schools were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes each, have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the sunday-school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000.

—

A FOREIGN writer notices again the strange and sad fatality that has attended the famous Spanish marriage concerning which King Louis Philippe was so triumphant, and Queen Victoria so angry. It was supposed that Queen Isabella would be childless—her son is King of Spain, it was hoped by the royal family of France that the wife of Duc de Montpensier would reach the throne of Madrid, and his second daughter did become the consort of King Alfonso for five months of last year, until her lamented death; her elder sister married the heir of Louis Philippe, the Comte de Paris, whose chance of obtaining a throne in France dwindles as the Republic becomes every day more firmly established; and now her younger sister, the Infanta Christina, is dead, and the Duc de Montpensier is left with a son thirteen years of age.

—

IT is probable that the plant which produces the vanilla bean will soon be grown to a larger extent than hitherto. At present the main supply of the bean comes from Mauritius, Brazil, and Mexico, but there is every reason to believe that the parasitical plant which produces the bean can be raised with profit in many other places having the necessary climatic conditions and trees which will afford it the requisite shade. The vanilla plant grows to the height of about a foot, thrives for thirty or forty years, and produces about fifty pods each year after the second year. The bean requires eight or nine months to mature. To prevent them from excessive shrinking they are oiled occasionally, and then are dried in the sun. When warm they are wrapped in woollen cloths to absorb the evaporation, and at this stage they acquire their fine silvery black color.

—

AFTER the ex-Empress Carlotta, widow of Maximilian, of Austria, who was shot in Mexico by his Republican victors, had been literally burned out of her residence, in the palace of Tervueren, near Brussels, it was stated that the shock had restored her reason so much that when taken to Lacken by the Queen of the Belgians, her sister-in-law, she recognized the works of art, including some of her own paintings, executed there in her youth. A new residence at Benchorst was purchased and furnished for this most unfortunate lady, who lost her reason by the shock of her husband's fate, and it was hoped that consciousness might be restored to her mind in that calm and beautiful retreat. But the latest official statement is, that she does not appear to notice that she has changed her abode; that she never speaks, and can with difficulty be persuaded to take food.

—

THE electric light is coming into more general use in England than in this country. In London the Victoria Embankment is lighted by this process, as well as several of the London bridges. The electric light of 40 lamps from Westminster to Blackfriars, applied over a distance of 2,145 yards from one centre, is worked by Ransome's series of 20 horse power engines and two Gramme batteries. Antwerp dock is to be lighted with the Jablockoff system. A magnificent pile of warehouses are to be supplied with 20 electric lights. Several of the London theatres and large stores are lighted in the same way. This is a great advantage, business being carried on equally well by night and day. In Paris the principal streets and squares are illuminated with a flood of electric light, almost as clear and diffusive as sunlight. In that city, as well as in London, the electric light is extensively employed in large railway stations. One powerful electric light in the Edgeware road depot of the Metropolitan Railway illuminates the whole interior. In some instances mines haves been lit up by the same means. The very low temperature of the electric light, its non-consumption of oxygen, and its infinitely greater illuminating power recommend it strongly to general use.

—

AT the last meeting of the Boston Microscopical Society, at their room in Pemberton Square, Dr. A. N. Blodgett read a very interesting paper on curare, the South American poison which is now used to render lower animals unconscious during surgical operations. It has been found, Dr. Blodgett asserted, that curare produces insensibility without interfering with the functions essential to life, and supplies a need that the medical profession have long felt in that it does not require watching when administered, as do ether and chloroform. The exact derivation of curare does not seem to be definitely known, but it is said to be prepared by scraping the young bark of two plants belonging to the same species as that from which strychnine and cocculus Indicus are derived. The bark is exhausted in water, mixed with other vegetable substances, and evaporated till it forms a thick paste. It is much more energetic in its action on some class of animals than on others. Birds are more profoundly affected than quadrupeds, and reptiles are poisoned for a much longer time than birds. It is generally administered hypodermically, in exceedingly minute doses. After the injection there seems to be little effect for four or five hours. Then the movement of the hind limbs are embarrassed; this is followed by total paralysis. The action then gradually extends forward, and when complete the animal remains in any position in which it is placed. If held in the natural position, the breathing in warm blooded animals is maintained in most cases. If it ceases it may be kept up artificially, and if sustained until the poison is eliminated, the animal recovers. The duration of the paralysis seems to depend upon two factors—the activity of the circulation and the rapidity of the elimination. In some cases a frog will recover in five hours, but in others the action will last for days. In one case a frog was eleven days before he woke up, and then recovered the full use of his faculties in a few hours.

—

IN expecting the workingman, says the London *Examiner*, to put by a portion of his earnings for a rainy day, and not to spend a large proportion of them in the public house, we are expecting him to do more, to exercise greater self-control, to prove himself morally a stronger man than most of our upper and middle classes. The latter have their clubs, where the annual subscription covers the expenses of comfortable rooms, bright lights, and warm fires; but the workingman, as a rule, has no such resources. He can get bright lights and warm fires only at the public-house bar, and for the privilege of remaining in it he is expected to purchase drink. The comic papers have for years been full of jokes about men staying late at their clubs, and being scolded by their wives for returning home in the small hours. The very fact of these jokes having been so often repeated proves that they must appeal to well known habits, and that if the artisan spends a couple of hours hanging about the public house bar, the merchant or professional man frequently spends whole evenings in the card or billiard room of his club. We do not mean to assert that the working man is morally and intellectually as cultivated as the merchant or the lawyer; still less do we wish to insinuate that habits of intemperance are prevalent among the upper middle classes, but what we do stoutly maintain is that we have no right to cast the intemperance of the workingman constantly in his face; that we have no right to accuse him of extravagance and want and forethought unless we supply him with facilities for remaining temperate, and inducements to thrift. If a man has a cheerful fireside and a comfortable home to go to, he will not go to the public house. Failing the domestic hearth, which in many cases is attainable, he should have the nearest approach to the middle class club which can be obtained—a place where he can chat with his friends, read the papers, and smoke his pipe without necessarily absorbing an unwholesome amount of liquor.

THE MAID AND THE LEAF.

BY O. H. S.

A dead leaf drifted along the snow,
A poor brown leaf with edges torn;
Now here, now there, blown high and low,
An outcast, and a thing of scorn.
Alas! Alas!
So life drifts on to hearts forlorn.

Once in a bower, fresh and bright,
Kissed by the sun-rays and the dew,
A maid to flee the hot sun's might
Prone on the ground her fair limbs threw,
To sleep, to sleep,
And dream of some one that she knew.

She slept and dreamt a horrid thing—
That he she loved from her would stray;
And starting up, deep sorrowing,
Resolved to seek him out that day.
Alas! Alas!
'Twas all too true—he'd fled away.

Her last love token—just a leaf
Of sycamore—love's emblem bright,
She threw away, then prayed that grief
Might bear her off from mortal sight.
Alas! Alas!
Whilst the dead leaf drifted through the night.

That Night.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

I.

"LISETTE! Lisette! do not go! Oh! do not go! such an hour! such a night!"

The girl's voice ceased, and to the darkness of the muffled earth a deeper darkness seemed added to the dying of her tones. There was no sound abroad. No light came from the vacant blackness overhead. No ray helped the eye to an idea of distance. There was no means of determining anything outside the limit of touch. The door-step upon which the speaker stood, the door-sills which she grasped as she leaned forward into the formless void, were all for which she had the evidence of her senses. She knew that for miles on either side no habitation of man, no tree, no tall shrub was visible by day. At each side of the road a deep drain lay mute, stagnant. The drains had been dug to afford materials for making the road, and the waters of the moor had crept stealthily into them, and silently filled them up, and crouched ten feet deep ready to seize upon him who in the dark might scale the low dyke and seek to gain the level waste. Marion knew all this, and more.

She knew that upon the morning of this day a message had come saying that John Maine would call to see Lisette that night. John Maine and Lisette were lovers. John had made love to Lisette for a year; six months ago all had been settled. But somehow of late Lisette was sad, and John came rarely, did not stay long, and sent messages but seldom. Something was wrong. Lisette did not complain. She said there was something strange about John, but that he was as kind—kinder to her than ever; he seemed, however, uneasy, absent minded, and changed; changed in what, she could not tell; in general manner rather than towards her. And Marion of this matter could learn no more.

Marion thought a good deal. She thought—ah, my poor Lisette! my only sister Lisette! it will kill her if anything goes wrong, for she is of a deep, wild, passionate nature. Few suspect that—she is so quiet, so still, so absent-minded in her eyes. But she loves John Maine. She loves him so much that life is a skylark's song, but he the sun. She loves him so that the obscure waters lying out there on either side of the road through the sheer black would be the Lethe of her despair.

That Marion thought.

Why had he not come? It was close to midnight—after eleven some time. She and Lisette had sat up waiting. Their mother, old Jane, the housemaid, and old Tom, the gardener, had gone to bed early. Oh, why had he not come? Could it be he was tiring of Lisette?

She turned from right to left in the direction of the clefts of stagnant water, and shuddered.

The village of Barrowleigh, where John lived was only four miles distant down that road. They both, she and Lisette, had often seen him a mile off as he came towards them waving his hat or handkerchief. Oh, how Lisette's face would brighten when she saw him! How her dark eyes would light up! How her pale cheek would flush! How she bent forward her neck and seemed to listen for his voice, with her ears, with her hungry eyes, with her parted lips! And how quickly and softly her breath would come! But once he was near and could see, she changed. She became her old, calm self again, and only for a strange, deep under trill in her voice, and a certain wonderful lengthening out of syllables until they acquired new and deeper meanings, he might have been old Tom, the gardener.

Once in the dusk when the two sisters had been talking of him, and Marion had said something about her being too cold, she had arisen, flung up her arms, and then drawn them swiftly across her bosom and held them fast, whispering:

"My love, my love, my love! If you only knew how wild I am about you! If you only knew how my heart aches when you are not here, how my very soul seems dull with excess of pleasure when you are by!"

Then she sat down and asked Marion: "What did I say? Some nonsense. Don't mind my nonsense, Marion. Let us go out into the air."

And after that Marion stood in a kind of fear of Lisette, and let her be.

Lisette was now gone out into that awful night, at that wild hour. She had offered her company, but she would not hear of it, and said:

"If I do not hear his footstep when I have gone a mile, I shall return. The walk will do me good."

"But there is no chance of his coming, of his being on the road at such a late hour as this."

"There is something horrible in the air. I am suffocating, and must walk. Wait up for me, and have a light—this dark is hideous."

No one ever came by that road after daylight was gone except those for the Moor House, so that Marion felt none of the ordinary uneasiness which such a design might cause.

After a little while she turned into the house, leaving the front door open, and sat down in the back room, awaiting the return of Lisette.

II.

ALONG the straight road lying between the two clefts Lisette walked slowly, with her head thrown up so that any sound in front might reach her quickly. She knew the road well—had known it from her earliest childhood. She could have trodden it blindfold. She was now treading it by the aid of blind tradition in her memory. To right and left the stolid darkness reached from the invisible earth to the sightless heavens. The darkness opened before her, and closed behind her folding her round as strictly as water folds round a stone through sea depths in a cave.

She did not know it was dark. She did not know it was still. She felt that if he were approaching she would hear his tread. Oh, it was too bad he stayed away! What a change had arisen in him. How was this cruel change to be accounted for? She had done nothing to cause it. There had been no quarrel. But worse—a thousand times worse than any quarrel, he had of late grown reserved. He no longer spoke out to her freely and joyously, as in the delicious bygone times. In her presence he seemed nervous and ill at ease. When they met he scanned her face hastily, fearfully, as though he dreaded something. What was it he dreaded? Not that she had altered towards him. He knew her too well for that. But why did he shun her? Of old, no evening passed without his coming. Now, for the past month, he had stayed a week away at a time. It was ten days since she had seen him. This morning Tom, the gardener, had brought news he would be with her that night. It was close to midnight now, and he had not arrived. Oh, how sunny-faced he used to be! How his blue eyes softened when he looked into hers. How his strong arms wound slowly and surely round her, holding her tenderly, but as though no power on earth could steal her from his embrace. How his lips had lingered. How he had shaken with sighs as he released her and went. And now what had all this faded to? He was still tender, but a half-concealed fear seemed to come between them. An airy dread seemed to unnerve his embrace, and kill the sweet purpose of his eyes. An invisible hand drew him back from her, and their lips met but hastily. Why should this be? Was not all arranged? Were there not to be deep kisses now, while they were lovers? Surely he might not fear she objected to the delicious mystery which the lips of lovers know.

In her no alteration had taken place. What had caused it in him? What could be the reason for his keeping away? Why did he seem to stand in continual expectation of something direful?

She still kept on. She had only a misty, half defined hope he would come. He had never before broken a promise made to her. She walked and listened mechanically. Her spirit was busy with the past. It had not yet gained the courage of desperation requisite for looking into the future.

Why had he broken his promise? Could it be—?

She put aside the thought that threatened her, turned her head rapidly from one side to the other to distract her mind and prevent the swoop her reason had begun to make upon her peace. The house was now nearly a mile behind her, yet no footsteps sounded but her own. A frozen silence held the earth; darkness stood up like an ebony wall on the moor.

Would he come to-morrow morning early and explain? Oh, if he would only come and tell her, open his whole mind to her, and put an end to—

She stood suddenly still as though the air had grown solid, and she were cased in a shroud of bronze. Neither sound nor light had reached her, but she had trodden on something soft, lying right in the middle of the road.

A moment she stood in numbed horror. No thought formed in her mind, her discovery suggested no idea. Her foot rested on something soft—that was all.

With frigid slowness she stooped forward until her hand might touch the ground. Then she stretched it tardily forth, listening with all her nature as she did so. Her hand discovered nothing. She drew it back towards her feet, and encountered a garment of some kind.

She raised this, stood erect once more listening with all her nature—but no sound came.

Then handling the garment cautiously, as if it were a living thing, and a rude touch might kill it, she made out that it was but half a garment. Had only one sleeve. Half a sleeve. Half a man's coat. Torn from the back of the neck downwards. Two pockets. In the buttonhole a flower. In the breast pocket two letters. One letter sealed with wax—a small seal. And near the seal two small round spots of wax. Exactly corresponding to two small spots of wax which had fallen on a letter she had sealed two days ago. She sealed no letters but those to John Maine. Her letter to him. The texture of the coat such as he had worn when last she saw him—a light summer dust coat. In the other pocket a small leather case such as she had seen with him. In the case a ribbon such as she had given him.

She replaced the portion of his coat where she had found it, crossed the road, and, stepping slowly and cautiously over the low dyke, stood beside one of the clefts of deep, still water. There was not a ripple washing in the rushes—not a breath of wind stirring. She felt her way to the edge of the water and leaned forward and listened. After a little time she stooped down and softly thrust her hand into the chill, mute waters. She drew her hand out slowly. The drops falling from it made sharp, clear, hissing whispers as they touched the surface. Save for this, all was hushed.

She rose, regained the road, and, taking up the portion of the coat, walked deliberately in the direction of the house, holding what she had found in both her hands clenched on her bosom. She scarcely breathed. She moved as though she feared by sound to wake something—to wake some hidden spirit that could tell a hideous history; or to wake her own benumbed faculties into active dealings with the terrible discovery she had made.

She did not move her head to the right or to the left. She kept the upper portion of her body rigid. This might be a nightmare, but the waking might be still worse. What when there was light to see? There was a flower in the button-hole. A rose. If it were a red rose, would that be the only red thing on that coat? Hush! Stop all thought. Hold all conjecture. Dismiss all temptations of imagination. Hold the coat fast, and yet not too tightly. Something might be crushed by holding it too tightly, and nothing of his ought to be crushed. Cherish the thing—the relic—no! no! Oh, God! not that thought. But how——?

Hush! Stop all thought. Hold all conjecture. Dismiss all temptations of imagination.

There was no use in going quickly. She would be at the house in time, and then there would be light, and she could see. See what?

Away! away! away with such fancies!

There is no use in hurrying, for nothing could be done—nothing could be done but look at the coat and see if there was a red spot!

Oh, madness! No—no! Down! down with such thoughts!

Marion would be waiting up with a light. With a light! Would it be best to put away what she had found until morning, and then ——The daylight would give her more courage to look. The fuller light would be better, for all could then be seen at a glance. But with a candle they should have to turn what she had found over and over, and who could do such an appalling thing as turn that coat over and over? Suppose, as she turned it over in the candle light, her hand touched something damp, something damp and clammy!

Mercy! oh, mercy. Keep still! keep quiet! what is above the earth there overhead, Hell or Heaven? and Who reigns? and——

Should she now, as she walked along, pass one of her hands down it, and try to discover if there was anything damp? No. If she fell on the road, before she saw the spot, she could not die satisfied in the dark.

Here was the house. She would not call Marion, but enter at the open door. What could be the meaning of the sweetbrier having the same smell now as it had a month ago—as it had even an hour ago? Tom must cut down that sweetbrier in the morning.

III.

"OLISETTE! how long you have been! I thought you would never come."

Marion had risen, and was standing face to face with her sister.

Lisette had paused in the doorway. She still held what she had found in her clenched hand against her bosom. She did not look down at it, although the light of two candles now fell full upon it. She fixed her dilated eyes upon Marion without uttering a word.

Marion perceived that something terrible had happened.

"What is the matter? Have you seen him?" Marion asked.

"No, I have found this."

"What is that?" Marion shrank back and covered her eyes.

"Part of his coat; I found it lying on the road; in the middle of the road. It is torn in two."

"His coat torn in two! Did you see him? Did you hear him? Did you find——?"

"No, nothing but the coat. Marion, look! Is there anything red upon it? Can you see anything red upon his coat?"

Marion drew near. Her face had grown deadly pale. She took up a candle and looked.

"No, Lisette. Nothing red. It may be all right. There's a white rose in the button hole."

The two now approached the table, and placed the portion of the coat on it, and looked on it cautiously, fearfully. On the outer side there was no stain. Marion turned it over. The inner side was also free from spot.

"Nothing red. Nothing red. But oh, Marion, what can have happened?"

She sat down and buried her face in her hands.

Marion proceeded to examine the contents of the pockets.

"There is a leather case, with the ribbon you gave him, in one pocket," she whispered, "and two letters in the other. One of the letters is from you to him. The other letter, I think, is a woman's writing also."

"A woman's writing!"

She raised her head and looked at the envelope held by her sister.

Marion nodded.

"Addressed to him?"

"Yes. But not to his own house. Not to Daisy Farm, but to a house in Barrowleigh."

"A house in Barrowleigh! Marion, are you sure?"

"Read it yourself."

Lisette read the superscription. "John Maine, Esq., Cross House, Barrowleigh." There was no stamp or postmark. It had been sent by a private messenger. He had no relative in the neighborhood. Daisy Farm was his own place. Cross House was the residence of a friend of his. Why had he changed his place of abode and not told her of it? Or could it be that he was getting letters from some one else addressed to him at a friend's, lest—it was too bad of her to allow such a thought to enter her mind. Besides, what signified letters, with that coat lying there, that black night abroad, and the dull, weary inability even to wonder what had occurred.

The two sat awhile. At length Marion rose and said:

"Let us call Tom, take a lantern, and go to the place where you got it. We may find something else that will help to explain."

"No, no! We don't want Tom. Let us go ourselves."

But the elder sister would not hear of this. So she roused the old gardener, and, without telling him the reason, bade him take a lantern and accompany them. They left on the table what Lisette had found.

In two hours they returned. No discovery had been made.

Traces of a struggle had existed in the middle of the road, but although they went another mile nearer Barrowleigh, nothing now had been seen. There were no red spots, but along each side of the road were two sets of footmarks in the dust—footmarks of men. The men had evidently kept as far apart as possible. The footmarks pointed towards Barrowleigh. There were also in the dust two sets of footmarks pointing towards the Moor House. But these latter had not been made at the same time, for a slight shower which had fallen at eight o'clock that evening had partly defaced the larger marks, while the others were fresh and perfect on the damp dust. It was evident the men had come separately, with some interval of time between the coming of the first and the coming of the second. It was also plain that they had gone back towards Barrowleigh together, for at one point, about half a mile from the scene of the struggle, the footmarks approached one another in the middle of the road. Both had stood here and looked back towards the Moor House, for the marks were reversed, but there was then no retrogressive steps.

"He is safe," said Marion in a low voice, as they stood once more in the parlor. "He had a quarrel with some man. They met and fought—an ordinary fight, and he got his coat torn in the scuffle, so could not come on here. They went back to the village together, and shook hands at the place where the footprints are close. He will be here to-morrow, Lisette. We must hide the coat, pretend we know nothing of it, and destroy it and the letters."

She took up the letters as she spoke. The fold of paper in the strange envelope was much smaller than the envelope, and as

Marion raised the sheet, fell out and opened partly. Lisette's eyes followed it. At one glance she conceived the meaning as if by intuition. This is what was on the small sheet:

Daisy Farm—Wednesday Evening.

No matter what happens, I must see you this evening. Come at once, for pity's sake. I have news to tell.

ALICE HENSLOW.

Alice Henslow! Alice Henslow! Oh, had it all come to this? Was this the key to the changed manner, the lurking dread, the cold greetings, the almost formal partings! Alice Henslow, George Henslow's wife! She who had lately run away from her husband, no one knew whither. Was she stopping at John Maine's house? If when she thrust her hand into that chill water by the side of the road she had found something, could it be worse than this?

Now she knew it was dark. Now she knew the silence of the tomb held the vacant night. Now she knew the world was a waste, and life for her was over. Marion and she occupied the one room. Nothing need be done to-night. Marion had not read the words on that note. Lisette raised it, replaced it in its envelope, took another envelope from a drawer, wrote on a piece of paper the words, "Good-bye forever.—Lisette," folded up the sheet, and put it and Alice Henslow's note into the second envelope and closed it.

"Lisette, what did you see in that letter? You have changed wonderfully. Won't you tell me?"

"It was a private letter to John. I don't think he would wish you to know what it contains. I have closed it up and addressed it to him. We must send it to him to-morrow."

"What did you write to him, Lisette? Have you asked him to come early to-morrow?"

"No; let us go to bed."

In the dark, when she was in bed, she could think of the past. The future—she need think little of it.

IV.

ON the evening that note of Alice Henslow's was written, John Maine left the Cross house at eight o'clock, and walked to Daisy Farm.

"This is very awkward," he muttered as he went. "This evening, of all others. What can she have to tell me? But anyway I shall be back here at nine, and at the Moor House at ten. I hope all may be well there. I hope she has heard nothing."

He was a young man, about five and-twenty. He had blue eyes, a fair face, and fair moustache. He was lithe, agile, and of the medium height Naturally his countenance was frank and open; but now it was clouded and perplexed, and full of vague apprehension.

Before nine he once more found himself at Barrowleigh. His face wore even a graver expression than when setting out. He went into the Cross House, wrote a note and sealed it. The night had fallen, and as he passed under the infrequent lamps of the village on his way to the Moor, his brows were knit and his mouth squared, like one who had firmly made up his mind to do something which would cost a painful effort, and required resolute courage. As he took the bleak, straight road so familiar to him, he mused:

"Alice's news *was* important—desperately important. So he has found out where she is, where she has been since she fled from him, under whose roof she now lives. If this discovery could have been averted for a week longer, something might have been done. Now there is no knowing what may occur. All Barrowleigh will hear of it to-morrow; and by the day after the news will be there."

He pointed with impatient anger into the darkness ahead.

"Perhaps he has already written to Lisette's mother. That would be like him. What am I to do? I cannot back out now. I must stand by Alice—and I will!"

It was impossible to see two yards ahead. Indeed, no object presented itself to test the darkness by.

He walked on rapidly for more than half an hour. No one had passed him, nor had he overtaken anyone, although the rate at which he went was far quicker than the usual one of pedestrians.

Suddenly a voice coming from a few feet right in front of him called out his name. He knew that voice, and before he had time to bring himself up he was within arm's length of George Henslow, Alice Henslow's husband.

John Maine could see nothing, but he knew that a much more powerful man, a mad taller by a head, stood in his path and barred the way. He could hear the heavy breathing of the other. Before he had time to reply, a strong hand was laid on his arm, and Henslow spoke again:

"I knew you would come out this way to-night; so as the place is quiet, and I had something to say to you, I thought I'd wait. I've been here two hours, and have got a wet coat."

"We shall talk more freely if you let my arm go. I am not accustomed to being held that way."

"Do you suppose I am accustomed to talking to men who decoy my wife away from me, and hide her in their houses, under my own nose?"

Maine felt the hand tighten on his arm. With a sudden wrench he sprang backward. The sleeve of the coat slipped, ran over the hand, and remained in Henslow's grasp. With a sharp, strong jerk Henslow drew it towards him, the coat yielded at the collar, and as he seized Maine with his hand he flung behind him half the coat, saying as he did so:

"No you are not going to run away; you will be cooler without *that*."

For a while the two men stood face to face, breathing hard. Neither could see the other. Still, by a kind of instinct, the eyes of each were fixed upon the eyes of the other. At length the pause was broken by Maine.

"What have you to say to me?"

"I don't know that there is much to say. There may be something to do."

No rejoinder.

"This is a very quiet place for a meeting, and there is hardly a quieter place in the world than the bottom of one of these drains at the other side of the road."

"I don't wonder at your thinking of suicide. But I advise you to consider."

"Thank you I am thinking of nothing of the kind."

"Henslow, you're a fool!"

"Maine, you're a villain!"

The grip on Maine's arm tightened, and Henslow shook him significantly.

"Will you listen to me, and try to keep your temper?"

"Go on. I'll keep my temper, and I'll keep *you* until you are done. Don't be long, or I may part suddenly from both."

He swayed the young man slightly in the direction of the drain.

"I have known you some years. I know your violent temper, I know your suspicious nature, and from my soul I pitied Alice Hill when she married you."

"Go on!" muttered Henslow, in a warning voice. "Go on fast. Skip that kind of thing."

"She and I were friends as children. She and I were friends as man and woman. She and I have never been anything more than friends."

"Ha, ha, ha! Nice friendship, indeed! Go on John Maine!"

There was sardonic incredulity in his tone.

"I had known her father and mother before you came to this neighborhood. You never saw her mother. She was dead before you came. Her father, when he was dying last year, married to you though Alice then was, made me promise that I would always be a friend to her."

"John Maine, my boy, mind what you are saying."

"I am saying what is true. He knew your violent temper; he knew your suspicious nature. He knew she and you were not living as happily together as you might. He told me he dreaded something like what has happened, for he knew her quick temper, too. He knew her fiery, ungovernable outbursts, and he told me, George Henslow, that she would run away from you, and his prophecy has come true."

"And did he prophecy she would run away with *you*."

"She has not run away with me. The night she left your house, or rather the morning she came to Daisy Farm, I think she was a little disturbed in her reason. She spoke wildly and acted wildly; I implored her to go back; I put a horse in the carriage to bring her back; but she went down on her knees and begged of me by all that is sacred to let her stay; or, if I would not let her stay, to let her go free, but not compel her to return home. I think she was mad. I think she was not responsible for her acts. Poor Alice! I let her stay. I called old Nellie, put Alice in her charge, and from that moment Daisy Farm has been her home—not mine. For I left it then, and have not entered it since, or seen your wife since, except for a few minutes this evening. Take your hand off my arm, George Henslow."

"You're a liar!"

"Take your hand off. I don't like being held."

"You're a liar! I say."

With a sudden backward spring the younger man drew the body of Henslow forward; then, throwing downward all the weight of his own body, he succeeded in bending almost to the ground. Seizing an ankle of Henslow's in each hand, with a supreme effort of the muscles in the back, he raised the man bodily into the air, two feet off the ground, sprang a pace back, so as to swing the man clear of him, and held the ankles until the head had swept halfway round in the arc, let go, and as the other fell heavily on his back, Maine leaped upon him, and, before recovery from the shock was possible, secured his hands behind his back with his braces.

Henslow was half stunned, and did not struggle. When he recovered, he sat up. Maine assisted him to his feet, and for a long time neither spoke.

"Henslow," at length began Maine, "don't allow your temper to lead you into any more trouble. Surely I owe you no grudge personally. She is one of the best women in all the world. I know her failing. It was the terror of her parents. When I heard that you and she were to be married, I felt inclined to come between you."

"But you waited until after we had been married, you cowardly scoundrel! Untie my hands! Loose my hands, I say! or I shall throw myself upon you and grind you to death on the road!"

He struggled wildly, but to no purpose.

"I did not come between you and her. Your own shameful violence caused all the evil. Do you know what she raved of that night she came? Do you know the bar you have placed between her and you? Do you know what made her fly from your house that night? Or were you so carried away by your fatal temper as to be unconscious of what you did, unable to recall what you have done!"

The bound man shuddered slightly, but made no reply.

"She was a sweet girl, Henslow, when she married you; and if you had not an infirmity such as hers, if you had been a more gentle man, you might have stolen the dangerous fire out of her nature. But you two were fire and paper. You fanned one another into violence, and in the end, on that dreadful night, you so far forgot your manhood as to raise your cowardly hand, and str——"

"No, no! not *that!* I did not. Don't say that. Forgive and forget. I am sorry, deeply sorry, for all that has happened here to-night. I will do anything you wish, I will make any apology you like. I swear to be a better, a kinder husband to Alice, if she will only come back to me. I'm not hard-hearted, but when my temper is roused I see nothing, hear nothing, count no chances, remember nothing. Do what you will with me, Maine, but don't tell me I did that. Don't unman me for ever. Say you wanted only to frighten me into better behavior."

Maine was mute.

"Oh, this is the worst of all! Maine, if the suspicions which were in my mind as I lay in wait for you here had proved true, I should have killed you, and then myself; but I would not hurt her. Now, if what you hint is true, there is no cure. Nothing can undo a blow. I am everlastingly in the wrong. I could easily bear the thought of dying, but dying will not undo this. Dying will not undo this!"

Maine untied his hands, and they both turned towards the village.

"I can go to the Moor House in the morning," thought Maine. "I can explain all, and get rid of my hideous burden."

As they walked on at different sides of the road, he said aloud, when they had gone some distance:

"I wrote a letter to you to night before leaving Barrowleigh. Fortunately it is in the right pocket of my coat. Will you have it now?"

"Yes. Maine, you're a good man. Will you shake hands with me?"

"Most gladly."

Each crossed half way; they met and shook hands.

Henslow held the other's hand a long while, and said:

"You were going to see her to-night—Lisette?"

"Yes."

"You are a noble-hearted fellow, Maine, and I am a pitiful wretch—a heartless scoundrel!"

"Hush!" don't say such things. All may be well yet. I will tell you the contents of that letter. When I heard from Alice that you had discovered her hiding-place, I made up my mind to two things—to send her away to some distant place in the morning, and to see you in the course of the day."

"What did you want to see me about? Don't spare me. Tell me all."

"I would not then have thought it wise for her to go home, after being so long away, until something like an explanation had been made, something like a reconciliation effected. Henslow, if you could only make up your mind to see her and treat her tenderly at the meeting, I think all might be forgiven. I know, after the horrible lesson you have been taught, you will give way less than of old."

"Maine you do not know how I love her still. We have quarreled, and when I lose my temper, nothing that is good remains with me; but if this could only be made up! If she would only forgive me and come home!"

"I think she will."

He pressed the other's hand passionately, and sobbed.

Then they separated, and, keeping different sides of the road, walked back, with few more words, to Barrowleigh.

V.

WHEN Marion awoke the next morning it was broad day. She looked towards her sister's bed. It was vacant. In alarm, she arose, dressed herself hastily, and sought Lisette in the house. No trace of her sister was to be found. Where could she be? Why had she got up and gone out so stealthily?

She went into the garden, and, opening the gate, looked along the road. No figure was in view either on road or moor. The clouds which obscured the heavens the night before had floated away, and the morning sun blazed high in the east, flooding the level landscape with glory. Plovers called to one another, flies in brilliant mail buzzed and flashed hither and thither, the two placid clefts of water reaching away towards the sun, seemed like discarded swords of gigantic nature lying peacefully out of use.

But where was Lisette?

Marion stood and listened. Presently she thought she heard sobs proceeding from an arbor beside the house. She listened again. There was no doubt some one; Lisette was sobbing in that arbor. Oh, poor broken-hearted Lisette! Poor afflicted sister!

She hastened towards the arbor. As she approached she heard a noise, and, ere she gained the threshold a pale, dark-eyed girl came to the entrance, and beckoned to Marion.

The latter stretched out her hands, and cried as she drew near:

"Such a fright as I got! I did not know where to find you. Why did you go without calling me?"

"It was so early, and I could not sleep. I am so very glad, Marion, that I came out."

"So very glad!" She looked at her tearful face. "So glad! Have you heard any news?"

"Yes—good news."

The were standing a little outside the arbor.

"Where did you get it? Who brought it?"

"I," answered a man's voice from the inside.

And, with a look grateful for deliverance, John Maine stepped out on the sunlit garden path.

"I knew he was safe, Lisette."

"And he has told me all. I may tell anyone, for it is not his secret. But, Marion, kiss John. You must kiss him. I will not be jealous. Kiss John. I have been crying for happiness, and no wonder, after that night."

"On the lips or cheek?" he asked.

"On the lips, of course."

"Then I'll kiss some one else after."

He did what he was bidden, he did what he had threatened. In the struggle preceding the latter she whispered:

"You have had too many before breakfast."

"Then I'll stop for breakfast. Come along. I want to begin again," he whispered.

CLOCKS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese as a people appear to take but little note of the flight of time when engaged with the industrial affairs of life, but the reverse is the case in certain events of frequent occurrence in human experience. By this we mean such occurrences as marriages, births, and deaths, the first shaving of a son s head, breaking ground for a new house, etc., the times of which are taken and recorded with peculiar care. The only means possessed in most cases of chronicling such an important event as the first shaving of a son s head are lighted joss sticks, the crowing of cocks, hour glasses, and other similar contrivances, all extremely rude and unreliable timekeepers. Compasses and small sun dials are luxuries, and only employed by "professional men." The well-to do sometimes call these gentlemen in—presumably to chronicle the hour of the first shave or the birth of an infant. In large towns and cities the different watches of the day, as ascertained by the sun dial, are sounded by huge drums at the principal places. One of the curiosities of Canton is a tower consisting of a system of tanks or vessels one above another, perforated, so that the water is kept dropping regularly through them for the purpose of keeping the time. But some of the incidents which seem to arise out of this curious custom are very amusing. A child born at, say December 31, 1877, at 11 o'clock, P. M., would according to Chinese reckoning, be a year old the next morning, and two years old on his first annual birthday, and so on. They would say in explanation that he was born in 1877, and 1877 is ended; therefore the year 1877 must be counted in reckoning his age.

Sheridan's Impromptus.

Sheridan, the famous English orator and writer, had the reputation of being a fluent talker, but all know that his *impromptus* were laboriously prepared beforehand, and that he would lay in wait silently for a whole evening, watching his opportunity to discharge the arrows of his polished wit. A friend of his once possessed himself of a card, which he found to contain a memorandum of topics, and one or two smart sayings, which the wit had arranged to deliver at a certain reunion in the evening. The false friend committed these points to memory, and repairing to the rendezvous a little before Sheridan, delivered himself of all his stolen thunder. The result was that when the wit appeared, his "twice-told tales" were received without a spark of admiration, and he retired disappointed and dismayed.

LISTENING.

BY H. T. L.

Her white hand dashes on the strings,
Sweeping a swift and silver chord,
And wild and strong the great harp rings
Its throng of throbbing notes abroad.
Music and moonlight make a bloom
Through the rich and sombre room.

Oh, sweet the long and shivering swells,
And sweeter still the lingering flow—
Delicious as remembered bells
Dying in distance long ago,
When evening winds from heaven were blown
And the heart yearned for things unknown.

Across the lofty window place,
Peace fills the stainless sapphire deep;
One sentry star in outer space
His quenchless lamp lifts, half asleep;
Peace broods where falling waters flow,
Peace where the heavy roses blow.

And on the windless atmosphere
Wait all the fragrances of June,
The summer night is hushed to hear
The passion of the ancient tune;
Then why those sudden tears that start,
And why this pierced and aching heart?

Ah listen! We and all our pain
Are mortal, and divine the song!
Idly our topmost height we gain;
It spurns that height and far along
Seeks in the heavens its splendid mark,
And we fall backward on the dark.

Behind the Scenes.

BY S. P. D.

SUCH a bargain, aunt Fanny! Lay aside your work and express your admiration. Half-a-dozen of these pretty linen collars for one dollar. So nicely scolloped and stitched; just the thing for the morning, are they not?"

"Exactly, Julia. They are a very desirable addition to your bridal wardrobe. But I cannot but regret that they are no higher priced."

"Why, aunt Fanny! you astonish me. I had no idea that you were one of those ladies who think nothing worth having unless it cost an extravagant price."

"And you are much in error if you think so now, Julia. But in looking at your cheap collars my sympathy is called forth for the poor seamstress, whose weary fingers performed the task which was to procure her a wretched subsistence."

"O, it is all very true, aunt Fanny; and I am sure I pity the poor as much as any one; but as long as this evil exists I may as well reap the benefit of it. You know that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Aunt Fanny shook her head gravely as she replied:

"You speak lightly, Julia. May you never have reason to know the suffering which springs from this want of unison of the interests of the employer and employed. But enough of this. Let us speak of your approaching marriage. Tell me when the wedding is to take place, and all about it."

"In two short weeks. I am to be married at my guardian's, of course. You know he does not quite approve of the marriage; or, at least, he would prefer that we should wait until Henry is established in business; but I have coaxed him into good humor. You know he might as well submit with a good grace, for I shall be eighteen on my wedding day, and my little property comes into my own hands. So we shall begin life in the style which we intend to keep up. A handsome house, well furnished, and in a pleasant part of the city. You shake your head, but you will see that it will all end well. And now say—will you grant the earnest request of Henry and myself, and make your future home with us? I shall need an adviser, and you shall be my second mother."

"My dear child! your kindness brings the tears to my eyes. But I cannot accept your invitation—at least, not at present. A few days ago I received an urgent request from an aged relative in England to come to her and be her companion and friend for the remainder of her life. She is wealthy, but lonely in her riches, and being nearly blind, is much dependent upon the kindness of those around her. At present there are none but servants to administer to her wants. She was the sister of my own dear mother, and I feel it to be my duty to go to her and do what I can for her comfort. I sail in the next steamer."

"Before the wedding! Why, aunt Fanny, you will not leave us so soon?"

"My prayers will be with you and yours, dear Julia, but it is necessary that I hasten my departure as much as possible. Do not forget your old friend, and in the midst of your happiness sometimes remember the words of advice which she has so often spoken."

With many tears the young maiden bade adieu to one who, though in reality no relative, had long been a valued friend.

Julia Howard had become an orphan in early childhood. Her father's dying charge placed her under the care of one who in many respects was worthy of the trust, and had well performed the duty which devolved upon him.

At seventeen she became attached to Henry Lawrence, a young man of good family and unblemished character.

Her guardian heartily approved the connection, but as Julia stated to aunt Fanny, preferred that the young couple should wait until Henry was established in business, but this prudent advice was not followed.

Henry's prospects were good—Julia had a few thousands. Why not begin the world at once?

So on the very day, when by a peculiar coincidence, the bridegroom was twenty-one and the bride eighteen, they stood at the altar and plighted those holy vows which bound them together for weal or for woe.

All was sunshine then. The present was delightful, and the future bore the rainbow tints of hope.

Years passed ere the dark clouds of adversity gathered around them, but alas! they did gather, and the bright sunlight faded away until scarcely one beam found its way to those once happy hearts.

We will pass over the train of misfortunes which had at length reduced the young couple and their two children to absolute poverty and want.

Imprudence in their style of living, failure in business, long and severe illness, were the producing causes.

Unaccustomed to self control, or to the denial of selfish gratifications, Julia was ill prepared to bear the rigid system of economy which was now necessary. She became irritable and morose, and thoughtlessly added many a drop to the bitter cup which her husband was drinking.

"Is there no hope of your obtaining the situation with Mr. Markham which you mentioned some days ago?" she suddenly asked, as her husband rose from their frugal meal, one cold morning in the early part of winter.

"None at all," was the reply. "The present clerk has decided to remain. But even my present situation is better than nothing. Three hundred will keep us from starving."

"It were better to die, Henry, than to live in this way. Life has lost all its charms for me, and I would gladly be at rest."

"But our children, Julia. Think of them and keep up your courage a little longer. The day may yet dawn upon us."

"Never, never. My own folly has brought this upon me. My guardian warned me against marrying one not well established in the world, but I slighted his advice. Thank God, he is not here to see how bitterly I have lived to repent my rashness."

"And do you really regret it, Julia? We may regret the imprudence in our former style of living, and we may sorrow for the misfortunes which have come upon us, but we need not repent of our marriage."

"Was not that the cause of it all?" was the bitter reply.

Deeply grieved, the husband turned and left the house.

The day was a sad one—and when an hour or two before the usual time for his return, Henry was borne into the house by two men, and the unhappy little family were told that an accidental fall upon the ice had resulted in a broken leg, the last drop seemed to have been added to the already brimming cup.

From the night of agony which followed, Julia was a different, and in some respects, a better woman.

Hitherto there had been a lingering feeling of pride which had prevented her from coming forward at her husband's side to struggle against the misfortunes which had come upon them. She had shrank back despairing and powerless. Now she was roused into energy.

Something must be done, and with the consciousness of what devolved upon her, came an earnest prayer for strength—a looking upward which was not her wont.

Nothing presented itself to her mind but plain sewing, and this she was well aware would afford them but a miserable pittance. Still it would be better than nothing, and application was at once made to a kind neighbor, and through her influence work was speedily obtained.

Often when her employers would urge her to abate a few pennies on the usual price, and assure her that it was for her interest to work cheap, she would sigh deeply as she remembered her own feelings in former days, and the truth of aunt Fanny's words forced itself upon her mind. The sufferings proceeding from the want of unison of the interests of the employer and the employed were now her own.

And where was aunt Fanny during this lapse of years? Faithfully and unwearyingly had she performed the duties which she had taken upon herself. That task was now ended. That aged relative, to whose wants she had so long ministered, had at length gone home. Once more aunt Fanny's heart turned to her native land. Friends of her earlier years rose before her, and she longed to meet them again face to face. The few necessary arrangements were soon made, and ere many weeks had passed she had once more crossed the broad ocean, and was welcomed with kindly greetings by many whom she had known and loved.

One of her first inquiries was for Julia, for it was very long since she had heard from her.

News of the failure of Mr. Lawrence in business had reached her, and rumors of various undefined misfortunes had from time to time come to her knowledge, but not one word of direct information. The mother of Julia had been a very dear friend, and aunt Fanny felt a yearning tenderness for her child.

So she sought out and called at her home.

That day had been a discouraging one for Julia, even more so than usual.

A little exertion had brought on Henry's fever again, and the physician who was summoned to attend him had spoken in strong terms of the absolute necessity for perfect rest and freedom from excitement.

How was this possible when hour after hour he must lie upon his back and see his wife toiling beyond her strength for their maintenance? And then it was sometimes difficult to procure work, and Julia absolutely trembled as she thought of the sufferings they must undergo should this means of support be cut off.

Some kind neighbor had advised her to apply at a collar manufactory near by, where many women and young girls found constant employment.

She had done so with success, and at the moment that her old friend entered she was gazing mournfully upon a dozen collars which she had taken upon trial. They were nicely stitched by a sewing machine, and she had engaged to bind them and make three button holes in each for the small sum of one cent apiece. "A starving price," she murmured to herself, and then seemed lost in a sad reverie, from which she was aroused by the soft voice of aunt Fanny.

Julia looked up in surprise, but in an instant her wonder was turned into joy, and twining her arms around aunt Fanny's neck she sobbed like a little child.

Composure was at length restored, and then there was so much to tell and to be told that the good lady took off her bonnet and said she should make herself quite at home, and pass the evening with them.

"You cannot be at home here," said Julia, "because it is not pretty enough for home."

But to this aunt Fanny answered:

"Home is wherever we find those we love. It matters little in what place we find them. So this is my home for the evening, and now, Julia, as your husband needs attention, just give me your work and I will sew for you. My thimble is in my pocket as usual. You see I retain my old habits."

"You are still the same dear aunt Fanny," was the reply.

"Here is my work—to bind these collars. Do you remember our conversation the day that I purchased those cheap collars? Every word of it is fresh in my mind. I was very thoughtless then—but O, aunt Fanny, I too have now had a peep behind the scenes."

"You have, indeed, my poor child; but now to your husband, and when he is comfortably arranged we will sit together by his bedside and have a quiet chat."

The events of years were soon talked over, and ere aunt Fanny rose to bid them good night she said:

"And now, my dear young friends, I am ready to accept your former invitation and become an inmate of your family."

"O, aunt Fanny," exclaimed Julia, "we have no longer a home to offer you. This is the hardest trial of all."

"Listen, my child. I am becoming infirm, and shall soon need the care which I have bestowed upon others. There are none who seem nearer to me than yourself. My means are ample, for my generous relative has added largely to my little fortune. We will look for a suitable dwelling, and you will be to me as affectionate children."

Tears were her only answer, but these were sufficient to speak the feelings of the heart.

In after years neither party had cause to regret this arrangement.

Closer intimacy only served to endear them still more to one another.

In the midst of her happiness Julia forgot not the uses of affliction, and would often feelingly refer to her peep behind the [illegible]

A deaf and dumb man aged seventy-five years, living at Suffres, France, lately assassinated three persons. He cut his neighbor's throat while he lay in bed, smashed in the skull of his wife, and stabbed to the heart a man who came to the rescue. Revenge for a slight he had received is believed to be the cause of the crime.

The Russian Socialists announce in one of their journals that they will come forward with arms in their hands to execute all hangmen, traders, and landed proprietors; will spread terror among all of different opinions from themselves, and will destroy everything—persons, things or circumstances—that disturb work.

In former times Swiss troops were employed by most of the European States, and, of course, wore a different uniform in each. The idea has occurred to a retired officer at Berne that a museum of the various costumes would be interesting. He has already collected from France, Naples, Holland, England, Sardinia, etc., a considerable number of uniforms, arms, helmets, decorations, etc.

THE MILK TREE.

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT remarks that among the many very wonderful natural phenomena which he had during his extensive travels witnessed, none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as the milk of a cow. The adult Indians would go every morning with their slaves from the village or station on the slope of the mountain chain bordering on Venezuela, where Humboldt was stopping, to a forest where they grew, and making some deep incisions into the trees, in less than two hours their vessels, placed under these incisions, would be full. All present would then partake of the milk, on which the slaves grew fat, and a quantity would be carried home to be given to the children, and to be mixed with cassava and maize.

The tree itself attains a height of from forty five to sixty feet, and has long alternate leaves. The milk which flows from any wound made in the trunk is white and somewhat viscid; the flavor is very agreeable.

Some time ago, on the occasion of a famous scientist going to South America, Humboldt requested him to take every opportunity of investigating this subject. At Marscay the tree was first met with, and for more than a month its excellent qualities were daily tested in connection with coffee and chocolate, but there was no opportunity for a chemical analysis. Nor does such appear to have occurred till when, among the many curious things exhibited by the Venezuelan Government at the Paris Exhibition, there happened to be several flasks of this milk, and in a memoir laid before the Academy of France is given a detailed analysis, which concluded by stating that this vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matter, but also sugar, caseine and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favor of the vegetable milk and brings it up the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will account for its great nutritive power.

A ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

There is a romantic story connected with the marriage of the Emperor and Empress of Austria who have just celebrated their silver wedding. He married a princess who was almost a shepherdess. She lived in the mountains with her sisters and father—Duke Maximilian Joseph, a near relative of the King of Bavaria—a kind of country gentleman, who dressed himself in coarse cloth and his daughters in wool. She had not been brought up for the throne, and it was one of her sisters that they destined for the youthful Emperor. But one beautiful summer evening Francis Joseph made his appearance at Prince Maximilian's residence on the borders of Lake Traun. Francis was in hunting costume, and it was just dusk when he reached the chateau. Before entering he remained a few moments on the lawn, talking to the four elder daughters of the Prince, from whom he was expected to select his bride. While he stood there a young girl, a mere child—she was only fifteen then—came out of woods that formed a circle round and advanced across the open space toward the group. She was slender, beautifully formed, and her movements were willowy and graceful. A splendid hound walked by her side. Her soft white drapery floated lightly round her, and her beautiful hair fell over her shoulders in rich golden masses—it has grown dark brown now, but is as luxuriant as ever, and the Empress wears it in eight massive braids, which, wound round her head, form a diamond that many a beauty would envy as much as the royal circlet. The imagination of the Emperor was seized by the beautiful form and motion of the girl, heightened as they were by the charm of the evening and the loveliness of the scene. He neglected no opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of the "forest fairy," as he called her. He devoted himself to her exclusively at a ball which took place at Ischl a few days after the first meeting. Her charming disposition and her brilliant wit completed the conquest that her beauty had commenced. The match was soon arranged and the marriage took place in the succeeding year.

Hand [illegible] announcing a series of revival services in Manchester, England, are headed, "The Salvation Army in the Salvation Temple, Grosvenor street." The following speakers are promised: "Captain Booth, with his hallelujah fiddle; Happy Bill and Glory Tom, from Sheffield; Shaker Bill, from Blackburn, and a converted collier, a band of hallelujah lasses, the champion wrestler of Over Darwen, and Mrs. Wilson, the singing pilgrim, who will pray and speak for God."

Bishop Ames left $25,000.

Our Young Folks.

THE HARTZ FAIRIES.

BY JULIA DOUGLAS

HE was a little English boy of twelve years, named Dick, and traveling through Germany with his father, who was not very well. Dick called himself "papa's head nurse," and had promised his mamma to take good care of his patient.

The doctor had recommended for Mr. Randolph the fine baths of the Hartz country and they had been roaming from village to village through the grey old mountains, and at last they were stopping for a few days at the foot of the Brocken.

You have heard of that gruffest and loneliest of the Hartz mountains and remember about "The Spectre of the Brocken," do you not? All the stories say that all the fairies that once roamed over Germany live in the Brocken. They fled to its deep forests and caves when the great emperor Charlemagne sent forth his edict that dwarfs, gnomes, fauns, dryads, nixies, and all fairy people, should be banished from his kingdom. So the poor little people, driven from their haunts by meadow and stream, took refuge on the Brocken, the highest range of Hartz, where, in the narrow passes and secret caverns, they are safe. And then these wonderful stories say that on a night in May, the fairies assemble on the mountain, and have a May-dance and frolic, and then the wind blows furiously, broomsticks are stolen from the villagers, gates are carried away, the fowls crow, dogs howl, cats mew, the old women sneeze violently, and then say, "Oh, some sprite of the mountain is tickling my nose!" The children gather around their beloved grandmother, and beg her for stories, their eyes grow larger, and their merry shouts of laughter ring out as she tells them of some funny trick played by the "little men." Dick had been reading just such stories in a book that his landlady had lent him.

It was one o'clock, and his father was asleep. Dick had finished his book and was thinking about it, when his hostess came out of the low doorway, and stopped to talk to him as he lay stretched full length on a low bench under a broad linden tree that grew in the funny little garden. You surely would have laughed at that garden, for it was cut up into all sorts of shaped beds, like gingerbread cakes, such as you have seen sold in the streets, hearts, diamonds, crosses, triangles, and stars with scalloped borders. Then there were tiny trees planted closely together like a hedge, only higher, and then cut flat on each side, and across the top, so that they formed a green wall that you could not see through. Dick thought it was a very nice playhouse, with its little green rooms. Old Frau Schwerdt tapped him on the shoulder as he lay there in the shade.

"Art thou dreaming little man, and were thou pleased with thy book? To-night the Hartz fairies hold their festival and by and by thou wilt hear the wind blowing through the trees. What a night we might see had we wings, and could fly to the trees and look down on them to-night. Put down thy book and run out and play."

And she trotted off to her tasks.

You have seen pictures that looked just like her: a jolly fat face, with a high white cap and an immense bow at the back, standing out on each side like a Holland windmill, a blue flannel skirt pleated heavily around her waist, a grey bodice with yellow bands, keys in an embroidered basket at her side, great long earrings, white stockings, and shoes with heavy wooden soles, and this was Dick's landlady, who kept the inn Hildebrand.

For some moments Dick sat thinking deeply; then he started up, put on his hat, ran for his Alpine staff and his specimen box and said aloud, "I am going to find some fairies, I am not afraid and I mean to climb the Brocken and see for myself," and without further waiting he ran across the fields, on and on, until he commenced climbing up the mountain. Trudging along bravely he planted his stick firmly at each step, not looking around at the dark shades of the forest, nor heeding the wind as it whistled through the boughs. On he went like the youth in Longfellow's "Excelsior," "far up the height," until his limbs throbbed wearily and he was very tired, so he threw himself down upon some moss near an old broken tree and closed his eyes to rest for a while, and soon he fell fast asleep. How long he slept he did not know; when he opened his eyes the moon was just rising and looking around he knew where he was—on the Brocken. His heart flattered. In spite of his courage and he glanced curiously around. What did he see? A great circle of flowers sword plants, ferns, willows, and brown leaves all whirling together, he thought, at first; but to his surprise he found that they were alive and not flowers, but fairies in scarlet and gold, gold, blue and silver, armed with tiny spears and swords, who danced, and sang a sweet tune that sounded like the rustle of leaves, the waving of corn-fields, the buzz of insects in the air, and the rippling of tiny brooks through summer woods. Dick moved to see more clearly, and in doing so was discovered, and then the swords were drawn and the spears all turned upon poor Dick. They sprang from the shrubs and stumps of trees, and from the crevices and hollows of the ground, the crowd grew greater every moment, and Dick was completely surrounded by the little army. As he started up, they rushed upon him with their tiny spears, darts, swords, and thorn bracelets, and pricked his legs and feet as he jumped about vainly trying to escape them. At last he cried out, "Oh, please don't hurt me! I have done you no harm!"

Then a queer brown dwarf, who seemed to be the leader, said, "Oh yes, thou art wicked indeed, thou servest the king with the iron crown, and would dost drive us away from the earth. But thou canst not do it; our mother Nature holds us safely within her own breast, and we fear not thy king. But thou shalt not return to tell tales of our people: thou must die!"

And the crowd murmured, "thou must die!"

Poor Dick! he wished himself back in the garden, still he said, tremblingly, "Oh, fairy people, I do not serve Charlemagne; he died hundreds of years before I was born. I am an English boy traveling with my papa, and I read to day in a book about you, and wanted very much to see you, and I have always loved you dearly."

And he put his head in his hands and cried bitterly.

Then the brown dwarf came close beside him and said, in a funny, cracked voice: "Tell us about the strange country from where thou dost come, and we will not harm thee."

Dick wiped his eyes, and told them about his home, and of the beautiful country and sea, and ended by begging them to come to England, where they might live in freedom and undisturbed, that he knew of many lovely hiding places, fragrant little nooks where the flowers and mosses grow, and where the birds and squirrels would be glad to welcome them, and he asked was to see them once in a while, and bring his little sister with him.

The little people had listened attentively, some had crept into the flower cups, others leaned on their spears, the gnomes were perched upon toadstools or astride a branch where they made grimaces at Dick as he talked. After a few moments' silence, the dwarf who had before spoken, said: "Thou art a brave little boy and we thank thee for what thou has told us of thy beautiful land. We cannot go with thee for we serve the king here, and we owe him our allegiance. Though we may not go over valley and river, assisting the people at their tasks, still we are not idle, and deep down underneath thee we work at gold, silver, and iron, packing it firmly and securely in the dark, keeping it safe until the world shall need and find it. We only come up for a little play and dance, and then we go back to our under world; and here are more of of our number who live in the woods, and they shall lead thee in safety down the mountain. Violet, Primrose, and Wild-Rose appear, and take this little boy home to his father. Farewell, little boy."

And then the rest said farewell, and Dick saw only three tiny fairies who looked very like the flowers that he had gathered on his way. They danced before him down the mountain side, and he started to follow them, when some one seized him by the shoulder, and opening his eyes, he saw Carl, the son of his landlady, who said: "Hasten with me, thy father seeks thee, and thou hast been away for three long hours."

Dick looked around bewildered—the fairies were gone, he looked in his box, there lay the wild rose, violet, and primrose that he had gathered, but they were flowers, and not fairies, and he could not understand it. His father told him he should not have stayed away so long, and then as he took his bread and milk for supper, he told his father about the fairies, and asked him if there were no fairies in the world.

"No, my son," said his father; "unless as in your wonderful dream, you may call the flowers fairies. Bright little beings that God has scattered all over the earth to make it beautiful, and fragrant. Let your dream teach you to study well the woods and fields, and you may always find, in the tiniest thing that grows, a still small voice that will speak to your eyes and heart; and you will find form and beauty that is often hidden from the careless gaze. In our own English woods you may find the sisters to these Hartz fairies, for God has scattered roses, violets and primroses all over the earth, and if you want to seek these fairies I am sure you may find them."

Soon after Dick went to bed to dream still more about fairies and flowers. And when he went home he told his little friends of his wonderful dream of the Hartz Fairies.

The Prince Imperial, it is said, will fill a diary with his South African experiences, and print it in a Paris and a London newspaper.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 844 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

MUSINGS.

BY A. S. P.

I said to myself, t'other night,
Shall I write
Something solemn to go in the column
Conducted by Wilkins Micawber?
And what in the world will I say,
Any way
For this funny, or otherwise "punny,"
Unanimous, deliberate roober?

To praise Cerebrations is stale
I should fail
Where Tom Areat was firm, in the last cat-
Achrestical lines be indited.
I will just put a plea on the shelf
For myself.
No powers take heed, for I need
All your co-operation, united.

I am anxious to have a Charade,
More easily made;
And Acrostics at present are most ex-
Asperating and blind, "as it were;"
While an Anagram—matical fraud
Is abhorred
By yours truly; thank fate these unruly
Concoctions don't often occur.

I think if you pay heed in time
To my rhyme;
That some night in the future I might
Get a list of solutions complete.
But at present I mourn, and am sad,
It's too bad;
If my words are too solemn, please call 'em
The ravings of one who is best.

ANSWERS.

No. 140. CHALAMYS.

No. 141.
Q U E S T
U N D E R
E D D I E
S E I Z E
T R E E D

No. 142. MANDRAKE.

No. 143.
C H O M E R
H O M E R
O M E R
M E R
E R
R

No. 144.
P O S T E D
O R I O L E
S I R O A R
T O U S I N
E L A I N E
D E R R E Y

No. 145. PUBLIC SCHOOL.

No. 146.
D
L E D
P A N A S
M A R I T A L
D E L I V E R E R
D E C E M E M A T E D

No. 147.
S
S A L
O A T E S
S A L I G O T
S A T I R I C A L
L E G I B L Y
S O C L E
T A Y
L

No. 148. TENDER.

No. 149.
P A R A D E D
A T E L E N E
R E C A S T S
A L A M I R E
D E S I R E R
E N T R E A T
D E S E R T S

No. 150.
P O S I D E S
S A D A L E S
S A T A N A S
S E T A B I S
S O T A D E S
S O T E R O S
R E R E D O S

No. 151. "Whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can go it alone."

No. 152.
F
P A M
M I N O S
M E R I D E M
P I R A C U N A E
P A R T I C U L A T E D
M O D U L A T E D
S E N A T E S
N A T E S
N E D
D

No. 153. NUMERICAL.
In Eastern state a seaport town
It is composed of letters ten
Two bot. Boys there are plainly shown
From 1 bird and 8 to 10.
New York City. KYRENDT.

No. 154. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.
1. The dignity of a cardinal. 2. A herring. 3. Husbands. 4. A particle. 5. More than enough. 6. A bird.
PRIMALS Hooked. CENTRALS—An officer. FINALS—A bundle of furze.
Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 155. CHARADE.
Slowly my 4 6 5 2 1 was in the street,
Slowly with a long measured feet,
Was he to and fro,
Over his shoulder my 3 was slung
As he trampeth to and fro,
Crying over with weary tongue

"Old clo'! old clo'!"

Walking beside, with great blue eyes,
The lad who makes him my SECOND, sighs
Sadly, soft and low,
As he thinks of the WHOLE which lies
Where, alas! he can never go.
Stories of [illegible]
Of [illegible] grew
Madison, N. J. JANUS.

No. 156. SQUARE.
1. Here and there. 2. A genus [illegible] 3. Matches 4. [illegible] 5. To [illegible] there. 6. (Rare) A Mohammedan.
Westerly, R. I. DICK.

No. 157. DIAMONDS.
1. In peace. 2. Fused. 3. Opposed to raw. 4. Affording food. 5. A footless bird-snake. 6. A song. 7. In war.
Fort Clark, Texas. GAMMEW.

No. 158. CROSS WORD.
In the [illegible] will,
In [illegible]
[illegible] for [illegible]
In white-bait not in reach,
In black-bird not in grove,
In [illegible]
In [illegible]
In black bear [illegible]
Now try with all your might,
And bring this bird in sight.
Dunkirk, N. Y. MY DOT.

No. 159. RHOMBOID.
ACROSS:—1. A native chief in an Eastern country. 2. A district. 3. Pertaining to the cheek. 4. A royal warrant. 5. A Latin proper name. 6. A writ.
DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. To shut in. 4. A thump. 5. A town in Africa. 6. A flower cluster. 7. To involve. 8. Empty. 9. A drinking cup. 10. An animal. 11. A letter.
Buffalo, N. Y. DON QUIXOTE.

No. 160. COMPLETE DIAGONALS.
ACROSS:—1. A cord. 2. Fine India muslins. 3. A [illegible]. 4. Recital. 5. A small fish. 6. A channel.
DIAGONALS:—(Upright to left, beginning at the bottom.) 1. A consonant. 2. A pronoun. 3. A stripling. 4. Pestilence. 5. Marked. 6. A marine deity. 7. To wash. 8. The younger. 9. To touch gently. 10. In the manner. 11. A consonant.
St. Joseph, Mo. WILD ROSE.

No. 161. CURTAILED DECAPITATION.
Behead curtail, the dignity
With which Victoria reigns,
And see what the result will be—
Naught but a [illegible]
Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

No. 162. DIAMOND.
1. "Old Zach" [illegible] out of house and home,
Away from [illegible] I could never roam.
2. My SECOND'S [illegible] I've marked
And its of ruby hue you'll find.
3. Down in Brazil perchance you've heard
The note of this peculiar bird.
4. But here in "free America,"
You ate my FOURTH, Thanksgiving Day.
5. From [illegible] forth a shower of flame,
A [illegible]
6. A [illegible] yet still go to say,
You never waltzed with SIXTH in May.
7. In style be SEVENTH though full and clear,
And then no captious critic fear.
8. This useful plant of bitter taste,
The druggists shelf has often graced.
9. This must a vein of oil have struck,
Since SIXTH is constantly in luck.
Washington, D. C. "GIL BLAS.

No. 163. RHOMBOID.
ACROSS:—1. Employment. 2. Certain [illegible] 3. Pierced. 4. To regret. 5. How is. 6. The number three. 7. To take pleasure in again.
DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. An organization. 3. A stitch for a book. 4. To pitch. 5. A town in Sweden. 6. A bone. 7. One who transmits. 8. Hard. 9. To hide. 10. [illegible] 11. A river in Russia. 12. An adverb. 13. A river.
Columbus, Ohio. THE GENERAL.

No. 164. ANAGRAM.
O! STOP HIGH YON SMITTEN FOMY,
On that scene of carnage gone!
There [illegible] heart,
Faced the musket's deadly [illegible]
Linn, O. TRADDLES.

No. 165. DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. An errand boy. 3. Deprived of the central part. 4. A kind of [illegible] 5. Distressed. 6. Dilatory. 7. [illegible] 8. Sparkle. 9. Strips of a [illegible] 10. An animal. 11. A letter.
New York City. WAVERLY.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIFTH COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for SECOND BEST list.
3. The MODERN SPHINX one year for THIRD BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Correct solutions of April 19th were received by Ida Hyatt, A Sister, [illegible] Peggotty, [illegible], Ellwood, Maud Lynn, Sol Con.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. No one.
2. Ida Hyatt, Baltimore, Md.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

[illegible]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GOOSE QUILL. The bird seems [illegible] Don't [illegible] the kind we leave and are [illegible]

K. K. [illegible] that thing—you Knit knots very handsomely.

R. K. [illegible] Answers very good. Will publish it soon [illegible]

[illegible] Your [illegible] Song is so good that [illegible] Thanks [illegible] We [illegible] with us [illegible] ware [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] "Nevermore."

LADY [illegible] You are welcome any time for a rough [illegible] Look after your friends when again in port.

NEVERMORE.

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

Days of infancy and childhood,
With thy innocence and joy—
Hopeful in thy budding beauty,
Free from care and sin's alloy—
Trust and peace, in memory linger,
Like the happy days of yore;
But their sweetness can return me
Rest and solace—nevermore.

Nevermore, my heart doth echo.
Can this bosom comfort know?
And no more its throbs be joyous
As it beats the dirge of woe:
And these eyes that burn so hotly
Deep into my aching head,
Nevermore can gaze with calmness
On the hopes that now are dead?

Ah! how weary grow the footsteps,
As they journey on in vain
Toward some far distant beacon
In life's barren desert plain,
Seeking for some green oasis
In the future's varied scenes,
But to find that space forever
'Twixt the treasure intervenes.

But to find that each to-morrow
Keeps us grasping on in vain,
Sometimes nearer, sometimes farther
From the goal we seek to gain.
Oftimes gay—with hope elated—
Oft with disappointment sore,
Unbelieving though the watchword
Of our hopes be—nevermore!

Nevermore! ah! striving mortal,
Trust not earth's bright transient dreams
They will fade when life is ended,
Like the sun's flickering beams,
Cherish not earth's gems too fondly
Cling not to thy worldly store,
Lest within the gates of heaven,
Thou shalt enter—nevermore.

ARMLETS.

ARMLETS was our original name for what we now call bracelets, and they were more than mere ornaments in those early days. Dryden and Johnson define armlet as "a little arm, a piece of armor for the arm, a bracelet;" and the armillæ which were worn by nations of the remotest antiquity are intimately associated with their history. Among the Greeks they were worn chiefly by women, but the Romans received them as a reward of military prowess, and the number they thus secured is mentioned on many tombs. The shapes of the Roman armillæ were of many kinds—some thin plates of gold, or bronze, some the "twisted spirals" which Homer speaks of in the Iliad, stout wires twisted like cords. Hundreds of such have been preserved all over the western world, and handed down to us.

Every reader of the chronicles of fashion knows that in Paris at the present moment bracelets in the form of snakes twisting up the arm are extremely popular; but few, perhaps, are aware that for the original conception of these ornaments we must go back thousands of years.

Few of these old models had snaps; they were kept on the arm by compression only, just as are the real Indian bangles of to-day. A primitive mode of fastening was a rough imitation of a hook and eye. Two serpents' heads meeting was the common pattern for this kind. A serpent, it must be borne in mind, was looked upon as a charm against the evil eye. Among the Medes and Persians, as among the Romans, these ornaments were favored alike by men and women, and in our day a few men wear a small gold circlet round the wrist; the plan originated, we believe, in some Eastern superstition, the said golden circlets, once put on, and never removed, bringing the wearer good fo tune.

In the Bible many references are made to the wearing of bracelets.

Valuable armlets of Britons, Saxons, Normans, and Danes have been dug up all over the United Kingdom even in the bogs of Ireland. Among the Danes they were looked upon as a sacred emblem, on which they swore their most solemn oath.

History tells us that Alfred caused gold bracelets to be hung in the highways, knowing no one would appropriate them; and when the great Earl Godwin made peace with Hardicanute, he showed his liberality by giving, as a test of his good faith, a ship with its stern inlaid with ivory, and eighty stalwart soldiers on board fully equipped, each wearing a pure gold armlet of sixty ounces weight.

The Romans counted as not the least valuable portion of their spoil the bracelets of unadulterated gold worn by captive Britons; and Boadicea is represented with broad perforated bands of gold about her powerful arms.

Few ornaments have changed so little in form, or owe so much of the beauty of their design to ancient models, as do b acelets.

The bangle, now so universally worn in the West, dates back thousands of years in the East, where the women have their hands kneaded and moulded with infinite pains, until the tiny circlet is forced over them, and there remains till death.

The metal bands in all their infinite variety, set with gems, or rolled, moulded, drawn, stamped, or engraved—some of uniform size, some widening in the centre, some with raised lines and bosses, some in the form of a buckle and strap—are mostly of Etruscan, Saxon, or Celtic origin.

Then there are the several chains and cables with pendant ornaments, which are now rather out of fashion. As soon as men had possession at all, they learnt the value of gold, the purest of metals, so ductile, so malleable, which neither rusts or oxidises; and it was applied to bracelets among its earliest uses. There are shown some wonderful gold ornaments found at Thebes, in the tomb of a queen who must have lived 1500 years before Christ; and among these beautiful treasures is a heavy bracelet, with repousse figures upon a ground of lapis lazuli. Many of the patterns appearing on our gold band bracelets now are borrowed from the Assyrians and the Greeks, as, for examp'e, the Greek honeysuckle and key patterns.

Many memorable armlets are to be seen in France, and notable among them the gold Gaulish band, of exquisite perforated work, in the public library in Paris, the work of the famous Eligius or St. Eloy, to whom France owes so many shrines.

A modern jewel box offers a choice of treasures. It is sure to contain, besides some plain gold bands of the Anglo Saxon pattern, a cinque-cento bracelet, one of Holbein designs, with stones set in a fretwork of enamel, with jewelled borderings, and scrollwork of enamel and fine gold.

The Renaissance school has produced many a lovely armlet of gold and enamel, studded with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones. Byzantine work is rich and florid, and the beauty of Niello enamel, much as it is esteemed in Russia, with its foundations of gold and silver highly wrought in black and colored enamels, has many admirers. At the Drawing Rooms following on the arrival of the Duchess of Edinburg in England, many of these handsome Niello bracelets were seen over the long many-buttoned gloves which were then beginning to be worn.

It was in George II.'s time that the fashion of wearing bracelets outside the gloves first came in. Now many consider long gloves a sufficient ornament for their fair arms, and abjure bracelets altogether.

Bracelets of beads have been in favor from the earliest times, and amber more especially, to which many virtues were attributed. The "Affectionate Shepherd," 1594, writes.

I would put amber bracelets on thy wrists,
Crownets of pearls about thy naked arms.

Savage nations, now and in the past, have not only used beads, but seeds strung together: also feather shells and berries, as did the Egyptians, the beads and shells being occasionally capped with silver or gold.

In our time it is the fashion to wear bracelets with A E I, "forever," Dieu vous garde, "May Heaven protect you;" Mizpah, a Hebrew word of which the sentiment is the same; and other such letters and sentences; but time was, that not only rings but bracelets bore posies, and were exchanged by lovers as testimonies of their affection, and were worn by men and women alike. Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Cupid's Revenge," wrote:

Given earrings we will wear
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms shall twist,
With our names carved on our wrist.

"Trust me not at all, or all in all;" "Time tries all;" "True to thee, sweetheart;" Toujours le meme, "ever faithful;" Si je te perds je suis perdu, "Loving thee, I lose myself," "Love me little, love me long," were some of the many conceits which characterized the posy bracelets of a century and fifty years ago.

Grains of Gold.

Character is a wish for perfect education.

The heart ought to give charity, when the hand cannot.

The way of the world is, to make laws, but follow customs.

To get rid of a bad friend, ask him for what you most need.

Circumstances do not make a man half so often as a clean shirt.

Avoid the slanderer as you would a wasp. There is poison in his tale.

Life, like the water of the sea, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

Don't carry your head so high that you cannot see stumps in your way over which you may stumble.

The selfish man's heart, like a man's coffin, is just his own measure, long enough and broad enough to hold himself, with room for no one else.

Hope is like cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair; and fear is like the lead, which keeps it from floating in presumption.

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it.

What an argument in favor of social connections is the observation, that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.

A man cannot afford to be ungrateful under any circumstances; a man cannot afford to be mean at any time; a man cannot afford to do less than his best at all times and under all circumstances.

There is a species of ferocity in rejecting indiscriminately all kinds of praises; we should be accessible to those which are given to us by good people, who praise in us sincerely, praiseworthy things.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practiced too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone it is not too well to throw aside the restraints and observances of social usage.

Love one human being with warmth and purity, and thou wilt love the world. The heart, in that celestial sphere of love, is like the sun in its course. From the drop in the rose, to the ocean, all is for him a mirror, which he fills and brightens.

If love and affection could be won with gifts and jewels, then indeed love would have its price; but it is not so. Affection springs from the heart only; no gifts can produce it. A child's love is won more truly by a parent's fond embrace and kiss than with glittering toys.

There is nothing so silly, or in its own way so under-bred, as that fluid confidence which tells all its affairs on the slightest provocation—unless it be that want of delicacy which asks for what is not voluntarily given and what is not warranted by the terms of friendship.

Errors, to be dangerous, must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance, and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has, and never can, sustain any mischief.

No thought, no word, no act of man ever dies. They are as immortal as his own soul. He will be sure to find them again somewhere. Somewhere in this world he will meet their fruits in part; somewhere in the future life he will meet their gathered harvests. It may, and it may not, be a pleasant one to look upon.

The wealthiest military man in the United States is General Hancock.

A large number of the most distinguished men in public life in France are, and have been, foreigners.

Femininities.

A girl may look often in the mirror because reflection is good for the mind.

When a man calls his wife's maid "an angel" it is time for the wife to make her fly.

"Let girls be girls." Yes, that's so. A change couldn't be for the better, and might be for the worse.

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.

Delilah subdued a man by cutting his hair. Most women do it by pulling the man's hair out by the roots.

A Manayunk woman has applied to be appointed a constable, despairing of catching a man in any other way.

At the last election in New Hampshire numbers of women were elected to School Boards all over the State.

A pretty girl won a musket at a lottery. When they gave it to her she asked, "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

When may young ladies be said to be economical? When they resort to tight lacing to prevent waist fullness.

An old sea captain says that when he's aboard ship he is never governed by his mate, but when he is at home he always is.

There is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own; she can't for ever be giving you a piece of it.

An exchange wants to know why a woman always wants to sit on the floor to put her shoes on. It is because she can't sit on the ceiling.

The kind of a strong minded woman to whom all men kneel in adoration is the wifely, motherly woman who insists on making home happy.

A Camden man read in a paper that a woman's had been paralyzed by a pinch. Now he has a paralyzed hand. He tried to pinch his wife's tongue, but she shut down on him. He is a believer now, but not an investigator.

Dissipation—Nellie. "Mamma, may I go to Bridget's cousin's wife's funeral to-morrow?" Mamma. "No, my dear; you went to a party last night, and the matinee to-day. I think you have had amusements enough for the present."

"When I say," said a gallant old bachelor to a lady,—"when I say that a woman's heart is like a lithographer's stone, I do not mean that she is unfeeling, but that what is once impressed on her sensitive heart is not easily rubbed out."

If women would only let men be happy in their own way, there would be fewer complaints made against their selfish inconsiderateness. Let women accept it as a fact that men are mostly self-indulgent, and then let them make the best of it.

This is just about the time of the year when sentimental young girls with dreamy eyes and silken, golden hair, pay three dollars a dozen for potato bulbs, in the hope of seeing them sprout and bud into rainbow-tinted, perfumed hyacinths.

The Grand Duchess of Baden, only daughter of the Emperor of Germany, is rearing her child, a girl, as though she was expected to earn her own living in after life. The child's companions are instructed not to recognise her rank in any way.

The supporting of a wife is looked upon as a great horror. But, with right and healthy notions of time and eternity, it is very easy to support a wife if she be of the kind worth supporting. If she be educated into false notions, the husband will never be able to support her. Everything depends on whether a man takes for his wife a woman or a dressed-up doll.

Never abuse a lady because she happens to keep a boarding house. She is, in fact, a very tender-hearted being. She lets spring chicken live as long as it can, lets it enjoy life summer after summer, spring after spring—in fact almost lets it die of old age, and knows that it can no longer find fun in this life, before she puts it on the table. Kind hearts can never die.

"It's bad enough," said the eldest Miss Crabapple to her seven sisters—"it's bad enough for pa to talk about marrying again at his time of life; but when he excuses himself by saying that that pert, made-up young thing will help us girls out by attracting men to the house, it's a little too outrageous to stand, so it is!" And they passed a resolution to enter a nunnery in a body.

A lady proposes that the housekeepers of every country neighborhood meet once in a fortnight or so and discuss matters pertaining to cooking and housekeeping. Two or more articles of food might be selected beforehand and be cooked and eaten at each meeting, and all the different ways of cooking each article described and commented on. In this manner the best and healthiest methods of cooking and housekeeping would soon become familiar to all the ladies of the club. The social pleasures of such reunions would likewise be great.

Courtney, the oarsman, is now overloaded with flesh, and weighs two hundred and six pounds.

The simple running expenses of Congress at the present session have already amounted to $300,000.

There are some places in France where butchers' shops are, for lack of custom, closed during Lent.

A sergeant of Zouaves had, at the battle of Orleans, his thigh smashed by a fragment of shell. "Well, my poor fellow," said the captain, who visited him in the hospital, "you must find it pretty lonesome work, being laid up here." "Oh, no, Cap., not at all," was the reply; "I suffer a good deal and that makes the time slip by."

Stutterers are compelled to take life easy, whether they will or no. Two men thus afflicted were at work at a forge. The iron was red-hot and it was placed on the anvil, when the first one said, "John, s-s-strike it hard." The other answered, "Jim, wh-wh-where sh-sh-shall I hi-hit?" "No m-m matter now—it's got co-co-cold," was the reply; and the bar was put into the forge again.

Facetiæ.

How to mark table linen—Upset the gravy.

The latest out—a boy who is "kept after school."

Peaceable Indians all stand in front of cigar stores.

Trees begin to die at their tops—men begin to dye there, too.

A kitchen proverb—Things rubbed against a grater become less.

A fellow should never kiss his girl on a mountain, because mountains' peak.

"You'll find no change in me," sneered the waistcoat to the investigating laundress.

A St Louis undertaker advertises that he has "the most comfortable hearse in the city."

Never blow down a lamp chimney. It may return the compliment, and blow you up.

The young lady who thought she could make her voice clearer by straining it has discovered her error.

The keeper of a "sample room" calls his prime old brandy "Comfort," because everybody likes to take it.

A man's curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him that his name was in yesterday's paper.

Although a lady's husband should neglect to give her a good dress, she should not seek revenge by giving him a good dressing.

"Excuse these steers," said a sad-eyed stock drover to an elderly lady, after his infuriated cattle had tossed two of her offspring into the mud.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day—especially if you want to borrow five dollars. Your accommodating friend might spend it himself.

The last species of foul play perpetrated upon the unsophisticated is that of gluing feathers upon the legs of the common fowl, and selling them for Shanghais!

Artists have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India-rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"Never mind, sonny, the rain makes boys grow," remarked a Massachusetts tramp the other day, when he took a silk umbrella from a lad in the midst of a rain storm.

A papa, bent on instructing his son, said, "If you had three apples and should give me one, how many would you have left?" "I wouldn't do it, pa," was the prompt reply.

"And; Biddy, darlint, they've been tellin' me there's too many of us in the world. Now, if me and you git the praste to make us us two wan, troth won't there be wan the less?"

To be Trusted.—One grocer asked another: "Is the Colonel a man to be trusted?" "I think you'd find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once you'll trust him forever. He never pays."

The latest and most wonderful cure effected by a patent medicine was the case of a boy who had swallowed a dollar. An hour after, he threw up the dollar, all in small change, principally ten-cent pieces.

Tourist (to the Celtic guide): "Why is it, my good man, that the Highland miles are so much longer than the Lowland ones?" Celt: "Shust because ta qualite is na sae coot, an' they hafe to gif petter measure."

Murger, the famous French poet, tells of a man who, on being asked where he was now living, named a very fashionable avenue, and quieted his friend's astonishment by adding, "Third tree on the left-hand side."

Miss Made-up Oldgal—"Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when——" Young Foodle—"When you—er—planted it."

Poor acquaintances are apt to develop blindness. There's Muggins never sees his friends Slander, Short, and Seedy; and all because they have become poor. For affecting the sight, it is marvellous what power there is in poor folks.

A young Irishman, who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, "said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Mathusalem."

A woman is first in the English papers in the matriculation examination of the University of London, and all the female candidates have done well. Men are persons to produce such answers as, "Potatoes were introduced into England by Julius Cæsar at the Conquest in 1066."

An English magazine epicure insists that American oysters are much inferior to the little coppery English variety. He is like the darkey who went catfishing, and, happening to catch a fine trout, threw it back into the water, saying, "When I come catfishing I want catfish."

Z. loses one of his friends from whom whom he has time and again borrowed a "V," until he had sold his dog, or until Saturday after 2 o'clock, and bitterly mourns his loss. "You seem deeply afflicted," said a lady. "Afflicted?—Oh, madame, if you only knew how much I owe to that man."

An indefatigable mamma, who has succeeded in getting her own seven daughters "well of her hands," has determined to extend to others the benefit of her system. She is going to open a class for the instruction of young ladies in the art of husband catching. It is to be called the "School of Design."

The last walking match came off Sunday evening. A young man walked out of a front yard, just in front of the father of a young lady who resided there. The old man walked with a square-toed movement, and wore number sixteen boots. The young man wore a sad and perplexed expression of countenance. No cards.

A Slight Exposure in Bad Weather when the system is out of order, often brings on a Stubborn Cold; the attending Cough irritates the Lungs, and if not promptly treated, frequently develops a tendency to a tuberculous condition. To avoid this danger, those troubled with Colds should resort at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which soon loosens and eradicates Coughs, soothes and heals inflamed parts, and removes all anxiety by setting the patient on the way to good health once more.

THE BRIDAL RING.

AMONG all the rings which ladies wear, no one has attached to it the dignity and honor of the wedding ring. When it first came into use is perhaps not so clear; but it is doubtless of Roman origin, and was usually given at the betrothal as a pledge of the engagement. Juvenal, at the commencement of the Christian era, says that a man placed a ring upon the finger of the lady whom he betrothed. It has been conjectured as an explanation of the bridal ring that as the delivery of the signet ring to any person was a sign of confidence, so the delivery of a ring by the intended husband to the wife indicated that she was admitted to his confidence. We would add that, as the delivery of the signet ring was a conferring of authority, so that of a wedding ring may have meant the transfer of power and authority to the wife. Other explanations are, that the ring is a symbol of eternity and constancy, and that it was placed on the left hand of the woman to denote her subjection, and on the ring finger because it pressed a vein which communicated directly with the heart. We do not attach much importance to these notions, however, but regard them as after thoughts, and are strongly prepossessed in favor of the opinion that the bridal ring was a token of authority. In other words it was a sign of investiture, and by it the husband indicated his transfer of right and power to the lady of his choice. Other meanings may have been superadded, but it has this in common with the rings conferred on popes, bishops and other ecclesiastics, and on sovereigns at their coronation.

From the belief in the binding nature of the golden ring we may derive its use as a love gift, and the solemn breaking of it between contracted parties when forced to separate for a time. This custom is alluded to in ancient ballads, and the broken ring was supposed to act as a binding talisman, bringing together again the faithful keepers of the severed portions. It is counted unlucky for a wedding ring to be lost or broken by a married lady.

We do not think it would be possible to treat of "engaged" rings as distinct from wedding rings, but probably the engaged ring was at first the only one a lady wore to indicate her station even after marriage. The plain gold hoop, the precious letter which now links the worldly fortunes of the wedded pair, has left no record of its introduction.

When we go back we find the bridal rings various in structure and ornament. There are also rings with inscriptions, called posy rings, also known as "chaucons" and "reasons." The mottoes they bore were often in rhyme, such as: 1. We join our love in God above. 2. I have obtained whom God ordained. 3. Joined in one by God alone. 4. Our contract was Heaven's act. 5 In thee my choice I do rejoice. 6. God above increase our love. 7 Not two but one till life be gone. 8. My heart and I until I die. 9. Desire, like fire, doth still aspire. 10. If I survive I'll make them five. This last is said to have been the motto of the wedding ring of a bishop who married his fourth wife. 11. When this you see remember me, &c. These inscriptions are, of course, on the inside of the ring.

Another variety of wedding rings is called gimmal rings, which open and shut. One sort consists of three hoops turning on a pivot, or of two or more hoops which when loose form a chain, but play into each other and so make one ring. Some gimmal rings show two hearts when open, and others have two hands which are clasped when the rings are closed.

There are old wedding rings within which we find the bride's proper name. A curious gold gimmal ring, richly enamelled and set with a ruby and a crystal, was exhibited some years since. When this ring is open it discloses two cavities, in one of which is the figure of an infant, and it has a Latin motto for "Whom God joins let no man put asunder." It belongs to the Sixteenth century.

Another ring of gold is a signet, with a cradle as a device, and inside the words "My will were," which our readers may put their own interpretation upon.

We may mention, in passing, the Continental custom for both husband and wife to wear a wedding ring, and also the practice of widowers wearing the ring of the deceased wife.

Some say that the Jews did not adopt the wedding ring till they saw it in general use with other nations. They have wedding rings made for official purposes, namely, for use in the synagogue, where, on the celebration of a marriage, they are placed upon the finger at a certain part of the ceremony. Some of these are curious in form, and ornamented with filigree and enamel, and have around them the Hebrew words for "Good fortune."

Poets have made the wedding ring their frequent theme; and so universal is the custom of wearing it among Jews and Christians, that no married woman likes to be without it, or is not found to view it as the best of her personal ornaments.

What the gentlemen think of it may be gathered from the well-known and good old song, from which we are tempted to quote a verse:

I dreamt last night of our earlier days,
Ere I sighed for sword and feather,
When we danced on the hill in the moon's pale rays
Hand in hand together;
I thought you gave me again that kiss,
More sweet than the perfume of spring,
When I pressed on your finger love's pure golden pledge—
The bridal ring! the bridal ring!

From the imperial palace to the lowliest cot this ring is the symbol of wedded life and constancy. Queens and princesses wear it, and in its simplest form account it not beneath their dignity. The small amount of decoration which it may in some cases receive is not regarded as a necessity. What is necessary is the bridal ring, which by the law of the Church must be produced at the marriage ceremony, and be placed by the bridegroom upon the fourth finger of the left hand of the bride.

An elephant keeper went to breakfast, in Ellsworth, Kansas, one morning recently, after giving his charge plenty of hay and oats; but while he was away the elephant, not fancying his feed, broke loose, tossed a camel in the air, rolled over a cage filled with hyenas, plunged through the circus canvas, overturned a farmer's wagon, and sought recreation in various ways until he was chased into a corner and subjected to discipline.

An inhabitant of Astrakhan, disgusted with the rigorous action of the German physicians, amiably sent to Prince Bismarck in a letter some of the hair of a plague-stricken patient dipped in the blood and ulcers of the patient, but no harm came of it.

A part of the library of the late Bayard Taylor was recently sold at Kennett Square.

News Notes.

James Gordon Bennett is said to have won $130,000 on Parole.

"The geometry of dress" is taught in the Indianapolis public schools.

General Sherman thinks Congress will take a recess, and not adjourn.

Widow Van Cott is carrying on a vigorous revival at Kingston, Canada.

Beer has supplemented wine on the tables of some of the best Vienna hotels.

Cut glass vases, in new designs, are held in gilt and French steel standards.

The Paris Opera, including rent, costs the country altogether $900,000 a year.

The only country in Europe where Good Friday is not a legal holiday is France.

Sojourner Truth, who claims to be "a messenger from God," is in Lockport, N. Y.

A monument to Edward Everett has just been unveiled at Mt. Auburn Cemetery

A woman's suffrage convention is be held in Milford, Mass., soon. Lucy Stone is to be present.

A man convicted of perjury in Alabama was pardoned because of his wife's services in yellow fever.

A few weeks ago 100 farms, comprising a twelfth part of Warwickshire, England, were advertised to let.

A Boston family, consisting of father, mother, and three children, are undergoing treatment for cataract.

A resident of Rockford, Ill., who fell over an embankment and lost his sense of smell, has sued the city for $10,000.

It is thought that Harriman, the pedestrian, will never recover from the injuries arising from the Rowell match.

Bridgeport produces a man who lately walked two and a half miles on the iron of a railroad without once stepping off.

The "act to render marriage lawful with a deceased wife's sister" has been brought forward once more in the British Parliament.

The Police Commissioners of Boston have suspended a street car conductor for three days for stopping his car upon a street crossing.

A man accused of murder was acquitted in Nashville, Tenn., but was bound over for trial on the charge of carrying concealed weapons.

There have already been 540 vessels wrecked this year, or 145 more than for the same time last year, and the pecuniary lost is $2,250,000

Nepotism flourishes in Russia. In the Usman district four persons, belonging to two families, hold all the offices, numbering twenty-eight.

Arrangements are in progress, and will shortly be completed, for lighting the entire Capitol at Washington with electric lamps of a late invention.

Mrs Plummer Benjamin of Montpelier, Vt., who has been dumb for about two years, coughed up something the other day, and can talk as well as ever now.

During the war an old bachelor named McKissick was killed near Waco, Texas, and the other day, while tearing down his shanty, a negro found $8,065 in gold.

New Orleans has got rid of half a million of its debt by going quietly into the market and buying up its bonds in small quantities as twenty-five cents on the dollar.

A clerk who had been left to watch a cigar store in Jeffersonville, Ohio, shot a burglar who entered by the back door, and was shocked to find that it was a woman.

A Philadelphia firm is now shipping cars to England, Germany, and Australia. Most of them are "double-deckers," and are calculated to carry ninety persons each.

Fine cut steel and crystal are the most fashionable materials for ornaments. Combs with crystal balls, and daggers with cut steel hilts are among the newest hair ornaments.

Lord Beaconsfield is said to boast that he never owned a watch or an umbrella. Many persons in this country could make the same boast so far as the umbrella is concerned.

Paul Boyton, who has arrived at New Orleans after his long swim of 2348 miles, is described as a mere skeleton of the strong built man who started from Oil City full of life and vigor.

Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the child and benefit themselves by taking Hop Bitters daily.

A letter from Zanzibar announces the arrival there of Henry M. Stanley, with M. Dutaillis, the officer in command of the Belgian expedition in Africa. Stanley will act as guide and interpreter.

"George Eliot" has lately fallen into a state of such indifferent health that she is unfit for much intellectual labor, and her medical advisers are dubious as to the propriety of her resuming the writing of fiction for several years.

Loss of Vital Force.

As is well known, the tendency in all acute or chronic forms of disease is towards debility and loss of vital force, which always retards convalescence, and renders a return to health uncertain or impossible. After medicine has done its work of breaking the disease, and the physician leaves, as he must, to nature the business of repair and restoration, he too often finds that nature acts so feebly, and builds again so slowly that the period of convalescence is frequently prolonged through many weary months, while in many cases the old vitality is never restored and the patient sinks into a state of permanent invalidism. To meet this condition of low vitality, the "Compound Oxygen," which acts directly on the great nervous centres, rendering them more efficient, vigorous, and active, and capable of generating more and more of the vital forces, which are life and health, offers an agent of help and restoration which acts promptly and surely. Our Treatise on "Compound Oxygen," its nature, action, and results, gives the amplest information in regard to this new treatment for chronic diseases, which is being rapidly introduced in all parts of the country. This treatise is sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Professor Agassiz, the younger, is a short, slender man, looking like a Frenchman, with a fine forehead and bright eyes.

Count Telfener, who married Miss Ada Hungerford, a sister of the wealthy Mrs. Mackay, is very rich, but is such a physical wreck that he could not go to church to be married, so the ceremony took place at his residence in Rome.

The desire to return to the whipping post is so strong in Kentucky that, in some counties, candidates for the Legislature are compelled to pledge themselves to sustain the measure or lose their chances of election. The object is to save expense.

S. M. Pollard, the woman who married another woman and lived with her until death did them part, is lecturing on matrimony in Cornucopia, Nev. In the first half of the lecture she is dressed in male garb and in the other part in feminine attire.

Parasols are now made to order to match costumes; the fashion of carrying Madras parasols was begun last year at the watering places; this year the gay red and yellow bandanna parasols are made in the Japanese shape with sixteen ribs bronze-tipped.

It is proposed to attempt Zulu captures by the lasso. A great many of the horses lately forwarded to the Cape have been used in lassoing, and it is believed that if a light cavalry corps is formed, armed with this novel weapon; the Zulus, who have no cavalry, will be panic stricken.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils and the names of their parents at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

It is reported from St. Petersburgh that two regiments of foot guards and a brigade of artillery have lost so many officers by arrest that they have been obliged to draw officers from other regiments. 4,700 political prisoners were removed from Fort Petropaulovsk in one night to other prisons.

The United States Consul General at Constantinople is of the opinion that a demand for American flour will arise in Turkey during the present year. Flour intended for export thither should be put up in strong sacks, as much of it must be transported to the interior on the backs of animals.

In consequence of the prevalence of the lung and mouth disease among the cattle of the Grand Duchy of Baden and Alsace, and of rinderpest in various parts of the Austrian Empire, the Swiss Government has prohibited the importation of cattle, hides or forage from those countries into Switzerland.

A few weeks ago an English woman living in Birmingham received a registered letter for which she had to pay ten pence, and when she opened it she found a blank sheet of paper and a farthing. The trick made her morbid and melancholy, her mind lost its balance and she put an end to her existence by cutting her throat with a razor.

That honesty would have been the best policy was illustrated the other day on South Main street. A young Irish lad given to fun had bought himself a pair of shoes. The new pair was placed on his feet, and what there was left of the old ones was done up in a nice bundle with the card of the shoe dealer printed on the wrapper. On going into the street, when no one was looking, he laid it carefully in the gutter. A countryman going by, seeing the boy pick it up, said, "Here, boy, that is my bundle; I just dropped it." The lad gave it up. The countryman then bought a paper, and gave the boy fifteen cents for his honesty.

Traveling is Extra Hazardous

If the tourist is unprovided with some medicinal resource. Changes of temperature, food and water of an unaccustomed or unwholesome quality, and a route that lies in the tropics or other regions where malaria exists, are each and all fraught with danger to one who has been improvident enough to neglect a remedial safeguard. The concurrent testimony of many voyageurs by land and sea establishes the fact that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters enables those who use it to encounter hazards of the nature referred to with impunity; and that, as a medicine adapted to sudden and unexpected exigencies, it is peculiarly valuable. Disorders of the liver, the bowels and the stomach, fever and ague, rheumatism and nervous ailments, brought on by exposure, are among the maladies to which emigrants, travellers and new settlers are most subject. These and others yield to the action of the bitters promptly and completely.

Stimulate the Sluggish Kidneys.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THERE is a decided preference shown for the lovely cotton materials, momie cloths, sateens and percales. The exquisite designs of the former are reproduced with exact coloring and effect in the cheaper fabrics, and are said to wash better than the expensive styles, and certainly can be made up with the most charming effect, with trimmings of coarse lace, either imitation of Irish point or Bagusa, and knots of colored ribbon to match the chints design. In these cheaper cotton goods, which are but 12½ cents a yard, I notice the same graceful floral design of tiny rose buds, forget-me-nots, long-stemmed pinks and corn flowers with shaded olive green leaves, covering the pale blue, pink, or cream ground; others simulate the striped sateens, in stripes of blue and white, pink and white, two shades of beige, a delicate shade of gray with white; while others simulate the pale tinted damasse organdies worn last summer, the damasse design in white over a pale tinted ground, with a satin finish over the surface; these Mr. Wanamaker displays at fifteen cents a yard, while the stripes are but 12½. They are especially adapted for the combination costumes, in the Trianon style, the skirt of the striped cotton, and the panier, tunic and corsage of a tiny chints design.

I have already mentioned these Pompadour cambrics, and the Indiennes with painted flowers; nothing is prettier than the chints coloring in washing dresses, especially when made up with plain color and trimmed with embroidery or lace. The most simple form of make is with a jacket and two skirts, the upper one turned up in veuse fashion. Then in light woolen materials there is no lack of choice—fancy woolens, goat's hair, beige fonle, Indian cashmere, Empress cashmere, mohair, nelgeuse, voile de religieuse, and thin cheviots. Most of the costumes now made are short, some have paniers, and in others the paniers are only simulated. There were two notably pretty costumes. One I saw was of Pompadour foulard—a white ground covered with pinkish flowers; the front of the skirt was trimmed with flounces to match. These flounces were cut out at the edge in large square deuis, and between each square there was a kilting of claret foulard. A Watteau coat-bodice or claret foulard with three paniers and five seams in the back. These three paniers were very long; in fact, the centre one of the back almost formed a tunic. They were ruched with a double plaiting of Breton lace, with flots of straw-colored ribbon on the side of the panier that was gathered. The Breton lace in front commenced at the throat and was continued until it joined the panier at the side. The second costume was of glace silk, striped with striped with straw color and *pivoine* (peony), a light shade of red. The skirt opened in front, showing a small portion of straw-colored silk; at each side of the opening there was a ruche of Breton lace, and at the termination of the ruches there was a straw-colored bow. The back of the skirt was slightly draped, so as to form a single bouffant, and the bordering of the skirt consisted of kiltings of shot silk, separated with a plaiting of Breton lace. Bodice with simulated paniers, which means that the basque being rounded at the sides has a panier basque at the back, that forms a pouf. In front there is a narrow band of straw silk, which is not a waistcoat because it stops at the waist, where it is finished off with a straw-colored bow. At the sides of the skirt there are small pyramids of Breton lace, between two revers of straw silk.

Indian cashmere dresses are now very frequently trimmed with shot Pekin, the stripes being alternately dead silk, and bright satin; myrtle green cashmere, trimmed with myrtle Pekin, forms this spring a favorite costume.

Among new bonnets are those heavily beaded with jet, not in the large floriated designs formerly seen, but as it dotted with glistening jet, or else with parallel rows of jet beads that seem to be closely strung together. These are on plain Brussels net, trimmed with jet-tipped marabout feathers and black Breton lace, some Marshal Neil roses of the brightest yellow shades, or a cluster of gilded or bronzed nuts, or some large flowers in red or gendarme blue. The Rhine crystal or paste diamond ornaments are becoming popular.

Colored straw bonnets in plain shades and in mixed colors are chosen to match the figured trimming of the costume with which they are to be worn, and are very simply trimmed with satin, feathers, and striped ribbons. Sometimes a single loose frill of Breton lace is put loosely across the inside of the bonnet and allowed to fall on the hair, while the gathered satin lining follows the upward scooped-out brim. Two or three bees of steel, or else crystal dragon flies, rest on this lace frill. Arrows made of the dark feathers of humming birds are fashionable ornaments for fastening white lace on the crown or side of fine white straw bonnets. A long gilt, steel, or silver dagger is thrust through the side of the bonnet or round hat, and the end appears beneath the brim.

Among the latest novelties for traveling are costumes made out of a traveling rug, or rather a thick plaid fringed shawl. I will describe one as a specimen. The skirt was brown silk, and the woolen shawl was draped over it on the cross, the fringe falling on the plaiting that bordered the skirt—the whole very clinging. The shawl, or rug, was dark blue and brown plaid crossed with red lines. The jacket of the same material was cut like a man's, and fastened with large gray pearl buttons. The hat in form like hat worn by a deer stalker also matched the dress. The cardinal gauze necktie was fastened with a small gold whip.

A lovely costume I saw recently was as follows: First skirt of pale blue batiste, covered with a very deep band of white Scotch embroidery. Second skirt of Louis XVI. cambric, looking as though it were painted with small bouquets of roses; it is draped on one side to show the blue underskirt; the paniers are looped up with bows of blue batiste. Bodice of the painted cambric, trimmed with blue bows and a lace jabot.

The new flower bonnets are a great success. They are small and the flowers used are those actually in season. There are capotes of tea rosebuds, of Parma violets of white and Persian lilac, of snowballs, &c. Then there are bonnets with floral crowns only, the brim being either of chip or Tuscan straw. The crown may consist of pink and cream roses, or of pansies, and with the latter a brim of white drawn Indian muslin with lace strings looks well.

These floral bonnets are to be succeeded later in the season by fruit bonnets, which are already in preparation in milliners' work rooms. Quantities of cherries will be used—some as the foundation, others as the fringe. Red and white currants, strawberries, plums, and apricots will be used for the same purpose. Some bonnets are made of moss and studded only with fruit; and these look very like well filled dessert dishes. I confess such bonnets do not please me, and the fruit is so cleverly copied from nature that birds might be excused for picking it. Ribbons, flowers, and feathers are more suitable bonnet trimmings, provided they are not used too lavishly; and for the present season straw bonnets look well trimmed with plush or velvet.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

A NOVELTY in the way of china mounting is a large shamrock cut out in wood, covered with velvet, with a short thick stalk turned upwards. Three plates arranged on this have a very good effect, and a saucer or odd cup or something small on the stalk, which is made of sufficient breadth to admit of this. Dark red or rich blue velvet are best for background. A pair of these large shamrocks are ornamental on a wall, and smaller ones can be adapted for odd saucers or small pieces of china. A shield, cut out in wood, and covered with china, hung on, looks well.

It is often now the custom to arrange china on the staircase, fitting on velvet-covered three-cornered shelves or brackets in the corner, and so exhibiting odd pieces of delf or china to good effect.

In a dining room where the folding doors are kept shut and the sideboard stands, it looks well to arrange china of all sorts and sizes either on the woodwork of the doors, or with a background of dark velvet. Some taste is required for the arrangement to show off all to the best effect.

Cloths to hang on walls behind washstands, and called "washstand tidies," are now embroidered in outline work on coarse linen, in dark blue or dark red ingrain cotton, or "flosette." The design is often that of tall grass and rushes, standing in water, with a stork on one side, or flying birds above; the design being continued the length of the cloth. Sometimes a coarse lace forms the edge, and this is run with the colored cotton with which the design is worked. The pattern is thus brought in toilet with the color, and looks like Russian lace. Chair "tidies" are trimmed and worked now in much the same way; also covers for toilet tables, and cloths for sideboards.

A sideboard cloth was shown me the other day which was an admirable copy of a Russian piece of similar work. It was of coarse white linen, long and narrow, with ends hanging well over on each side. These ends only were worked. First, the threads had been drawn out to form small squares up to a certain height; above this a braiding pattern had been lightly traced, and this was worked in rather large cross stitch with coarse red flosette. The coarse worsted lace was double run with red; a narrow pattern worked in cross-stitch with the red thread run along the whole length of the cloth. This may, perhaps, be an idea for any one desirous of some novelty and fond of trying new work. Chair-back tidies, ornamented in much the same way with gold-colored flosette have a pretty effect, looking like gold at night. Flosette is like flosselle when viewed at a short distance. It is made in four sizes, and the best size for working on twill is the coarsest, with three stars marked on. The other evening, at a very grand dinner, I noticed the ends of the tablecloth were embroidered in raised white satin-stitch flowers, which had the most beautiful effect possible. The group of flowers were just before the host and hostess, and took the place of the customary dish of cakes or fruit. They looked as if they had been arranged on the table each one singly, and stood up in relief; the dishes containing fruit, flowers, etc., did not approach too closely to spoil the effect. Small tea cloths embroidered in gold flosselle are fashionable just now, with the tea cosy to match, edged with silk cord of the same color. Little serviettes are sometimes given, decorated to correspond, just to lay on the dress, to put a biscuit or a piece of bread and butter on, and some I saw recently were in the form of a large vine leaf, fringed and ornamented in the yellow flosselle. One or two were in the form of beets. Pen wipers can be made very easily with odd pieces of cloth, or cut in the form of a leaf, and veined with worsted or silks. These sell well at bazaars.

I have lately seen several old wooden and plaster brackets and stands made to look well by a coat of Bessamer's gold. I do not know if it will last, but it looks bright at the time. Old plaster casts can be renovated by the same means. Double and even treble mantelshelves are to be seen now in imitation of old-fashioned ones, and in the centre a long narrow little cupboard with a large monogram, a group of flowers, or some pretty pictures painted on. This cupboard is useful for stowing away unsightly bottles and odds and ends, which generally accumulate, especially in a bed-room. The shelves join this cupboard on each side. Sometimes a clock is fixed in, but not often. A piece of dark cloth or velvet on the wall, behind the shelves, is effective, and adds to the beauty of the ornaments. On this small pictures or miniatures can be nailed. At the top of all Chinese fans arranged make a pretty and picturesque finish. Chinese lanterns are often seen now hung in corners of rooms and lighted. They shed a soft light.

I hope you will find a place in the Fireside Chat for the following recipes which I think will be welcome to some of your readers.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Coffee Ice Pudding.—Pound 3oz. of freshly-roasted coffee in a mortar, just enough to crush the berries without reducing them to powder. Put them into a pint of milk with 6oz. of loaf sugar, let it boil, then leave it to get cold, strain it on the yolks of six eggs in a double saucepan, and stir on the fire till the custard thickens. When quite cold work into it a gill and a half of cream whipped to a froth. Freeze the mixture in the ice pot, then fill a plain ice mould with it, and lay it in ice till the time of serving.

Rhubarb mould.—Take one quart of red rhubarb and cut it in pieces; put it in a saucepan with a lid, and let it boil till quite a pulp; melt ½oz of gelatine in hot water; when dissolved put it with 1lb. of powdered white sugar to the rhubarb, and boil for fifteen minutes; add a few drops of essence of lemon; pour the rhubarb into a mould. Next day dip the mould in hot water, turn out into a glass dish, pour round it some custard made as follows: The yolks of two eggs, a tumbler of milk, four lumps of sugar; simmer till thick; add a few drops of essence of vanilla.

MACCARONI SOUFFLE.—Break up about an ounce of small maccaroni or vermicelli into very small pieces, throw it into fast-boiling salted water, let it boil twenty minutes, then drain off the water and put the maccaroni into half a pint of milk, with sugar to taste and a piece of cinnamon; let it boil until it has absorbed all the milk. Put it by to get cold, work into it the yolks of four eggs and the whites of six whisked to a stiff froth. Pour into a plain mould, bake, and serve immediately.

TARRAGON VINEGAR.—Gather full-grown shoots of tarragon the day before they are wanted. Fill a half-gallon jar with as many as it will hold without pressing them down; add three cloves and the rind of one lemon, and fill up the jar with white wine vinegar; leave it, tightly corked, exposed to the sun for two or three weeks, then strain off the vinegar, wringing the tarragon in a cloth, filter through paper, and bottle it.

GALLETTE.—Take one pound each of butter and flour, a little salt, and two eggs; knead the whole together into a paste, roll it to not more than an inch in thickness, and make it in the size of a dessert plate. Then put in the oven for a quarter of an hour; take it out, beat up two eggs with a little cream and some salt, pour it over the cake, and return it to the oven, or, if you please, ornament the back with candied citron.

General Robert Toombs is rapidly losing his sight.

The Viennese aristocracy hold spiritualistic seances.

Seventy-four hundred colliers in Belgium have struck.

Senator Saunders, of Nebraska, has beautiful white hair.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt's annual income is estimated at $18,000,000.

Tom Thumb boasts of having kissed more than a million of ladies.

Captain Boyton has completed his swim from Oil City to New Orleans.

The widow of Walter Savage Landor, the poet, died recently in Florence.

Chinamen will not work in the South unless they get their money down.

The father of Wade Hampton owned more than three thousand slaves.

Hereafter applicants for admission to the British navy must be able to swim.

An honest Hibernian, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year without having calves. "Because," said he, "it runs in the brade; for she came of a cow that never had a calf."

Most remarkable precautions were taken during the Czar's recent journey to Livadia. Sentinels were placed the whole length of the line, traffic was stopped, and all access to the line prohibited for twenty-four hours before the departure of the royal train.

One of the quaint and pretty fichus made up with Breton or old-fashioned point lace, to be worn with summer costumes, is of fine India muslin with a plaited frill of lace. The neck of the fichu is finished with a turned over and very large square collar, which is also edged with a frill of lace and open to show the neck.

A bright little fellow of four, the son of a former pastor of a flourishing church, who attends infant class in Sunday school, received last Sunday morning a card on which were the words, "Pray without ceasing." After his mother had explained the text he said "I guess I won't show this to the minister; he prays long enough now."

A man died recently at Cayenne who was transported for life from France twenty-eight years ago for setting fire to farm houses at Longapierre. He left behind him a wife and five children. The news of his decease led to a confession by his accuser, who admitted that he himself had committed the crime for which another had been punished. He was arrested and committed to prison, where he contrived to take his own life.

Dress fans are in the Pomdadour shape, half of a circle being formed by the sticks and the feather tops. The sticks are of real tortoise shell or ebony; the feathers of different birds supply the tops; curled ostrich, peacock eyes, peahen feathers and golden pheasant feathers are most used. New fans to be worn with the coming summer dresses of mohair cloth or cambaic, have ebony sticks with Pompadour linen tops; these fans are mounted with silver, and have ebony and silver chatelaines.

Answers to Inquirers.

O. K. (Wadesboro, N. C.)—He is entirely reliable.

S. C. D. (Natchez, Miss.)—Just at present we have no need of anything in the line you mention.

E. P. A. (Phila., Pa.)—The story was never published before in this country. You are, therefore, mistaken in your conjecture.

C. B. G. (Platte River, Mo.)—The chances are that the firm is the veriest humbug. We know they have no professional standing and the locality whence they advertise is not calculated to inspire confidence.

I. I. H. (Cheshire, Conn.)—She probably meant what she said when she wrote to you, but you seem to have self confidence enough to win her even if there is any chance. See to it that you get the chance.

FLORA PEAK, (Walker, Ga.)—Both marriage and engaged rings are worn upon the fourth finger of the left hand. Single ladies disengaged wear their rings as fancy dictates, avoiding, as a rule, the engaged finger.

CLYONA, (Ida, Wis.)—Of course you may send the article and if suitable we will be glad to publish it. 2. Your writing is good for your age although capable of improvement, and your spelling is throughout correct.

GRETCHEN, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—The quotation is from Shakspere's Measure for Measure, act i. sc. i:—

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

JONSAN, (Jefferson, Tenn.)—The Greek Church flourishes in Russia, with local but not essential peculiarities. It is on the ground of identity of religion that the CZAR claimed to protect the members of the Christian Church who are the secular subjects of the Porte.

MAUD MAY, (Phila., Pa.)—Gum Tragacanth is generally regarded as a rather innocent substance, but whether it would be injurious to the hair or otherwise—not knowing how you intend to apply it—we cannot say. The composition of the other article is a secret of the manufacturers.

RECORD, (Phila, Pa.)—The meaning of members of Congress "pairing," is this: When a member wishes to be absent from a vote, he asks another, whose political principles are opposed to his own, to "pair off" with him. In doing this, neither party is the gainer, but a true balance is preserved as regards the votes.

A. A. R., (Miami, Ind.)—You read too much. Cramming the mind, without reflecting on what you have read, is of little use. Reflection only will improve your memory. In reading, it is well to make notes of what strikes you as being worth remembering; then look at those notes occasionally till you have the matter fixed on your mind.

GRANVILLE, (Phila., Pa.)—We have never heard of such a proverb as "It is better to croak like a frog than to be a good singer." In fact we do not believe there is such a saying for the reason that it is not true, and proverbs as a rule have this quality to recommend them. If you inform us in what connection you have seen the expression used, we may be able to look up its true character.

APRIL FOOL, (Robeson, N. C.)—The words have no connected sense whatever. Let us know the way in which you saw them used and it may be possible to extract a meaning from them. The Latin phrase: "Loco monitat urbis busti" might be tortured into meaning, "Let him be warned by this place or city of the dead" but even this would necessitate some change of letters. "La conquer mon de trace," the French, is incapable of translation.

SPIRIT, (Phila., Pa.)—Alcohol can be easily abstracted from wine by distillation. The whole of the alcohol is practically gone by the time that half or three fourths of the liquor taken has come over. There is no test used to ascertain the point at which the whole of the alcohol has been expelled. The percentage of alcohol in the distillate, ascertained by the hydrometer, is calculated upon the original quantity of wine taken. The residual liquor in the retort is of course no longer fit to drink, even if diluted with water to its original volume.

MAMIE, (Baltimore, Md.)—If you love the man, marry him, and never mind the scandal; if you do not love him send him away; but in either case you cannot stop the tongues of gossips. As he first addressed your sister, and the engagement "was broken off," since which time "he and you have been very great friends indeed," people will insist that you have taken up with your sister's sweetheart. Perhaps you are quite right to do so. He might have been cast off through her fickleness, or weakness, or even wickedness, and you may be right in continuing your friendship; but as a rule, when a lover discards his sweetheart, her family should discard him.

MARWIN S., (Oran, N. Y.)—Bear the penalty of a great fault, long since repented, with submission. Show by a docile and loving spirit that the heart is right. Assertion will not convince; any display of resentment would be out of place. The conscience has been clear of evil for many years; the former errors and wrong-doing are sincerely deplored and confessed. There is nothing to do but be patient. Do not for a moment think of leaving, that would be the renewal of evil. Be circumspect and give no cause for offence. In time the old sorrow will be assuaged, and love bring the balm of thorough forgiveness. True regret for the past always produces jealous watchfulness of the present.

ORIGINALITY, (New York, N. Y.)—It is quite a common thing to call all dramatists plagiarists, and few indeed are unobserving of the name. You are even in error as to Wycherly. His "Love in a Wood" is but an alteration of Sedley's "Mulberry Garden;" his "Plain Dealer," is but a translation of Moliere's "Misanthrope;" his "Gentleman's Dancing Master" is an adaptation of a French comedy, the "Ecole des Femmes;" and his "Country Wife," is merely Garrick's "Country Girl," worked up into an acting play. "Richard III.," "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Othello" are supposed by scholars to be felicitous alterations of popular plays current in Shakspeare's day.

R. B. (Ridgeville, Ill.)—In securing copyright for a novel you must deposit a printed copy of the title of the book in the clerk's office of the U. S. District Court in which the author resides and see to the recording of the title by the clerk. A printed copy of the book must likewise be deposited with him within three months of the time of publication, and a printed copy also sent to the Librarian of Congress at Washington. Besides each copy of the book issued must have the notice of its copyright printed upon it. There are small fees attending each of these forms. 2. Your good taste ought to suggest the impropriety of asking such questions, but as it is probably mere thoughtlessness, we will answer, yes.

J. H. (Tintown, Pa.)—You are too sensitive in the matter, and erroneously think, because it appears awkward to you, it must seem the same to others. This however is not likely to be the case and you should not let your mind rest upon the matter. Still, if you feel this latter is impossible you might try trimming down the superabundant side as a remedy. Should this fail, shaving is the only means we can see out of the difficulty. At your age the moustache is apt to be ungovernable in many respects, and shaving is generally regarded, as the best method of bringing it to terms. By continued practice with the razor it will soon become all right. As to the other remedies you speak of to subdue its waywardness, you should wisely let them alone, and so save patience and money.

SEWARD, (Chicago, Ill.)—To "enumerate all" or half the May-day customs of the olden time would take up too much space. In those days, all ranks of people went a Maying on the first of May. The young maids carried about garlands of flowers, which they afterwards hung up in their churches. The boys sought May-trees, and gathered branches. There was also a superstitious custom among some of going into the fields and bathing their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful. In Scotland, the boys formerly had a custom of going to the moor and cutting a table in the green sward, of a round figure, and by cutting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They then kindled a fire, and discussed a repast of eggs and milk of the consistence of custard, when they went through various forms, derived by tradition from some of the ceremonies of the Druids. In many of the farm-houses in England, any servant who could bring in a branch of hawthorn, in full blossom, on the first of May, was entitled to a dish of cream for breakfast. In London May day used to be as much observed as it was in any rural district, and May poles were erected in various parts of the city.